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Is Unauthorized Teaching always Schismatical? A Sermon preached before the University of Oxford, on Sunday, May 12, 1844. By the Rev. J. GARBETT, Professor of Poetry, and Prebendary of Chichester. London: J. Hatchard & Son; Parker, Oxford; Folthorp, Brighton. 1844.

SOME apology, we should say, was due to the theological world for this sermon having been taken notice of as it has been: an apology, we mean, in the sense of an explanation. Why it should have been thought necessary to take theological notice of a sermon of Mr. Garbett's requires explanation. Under the circumstances, we are deliberately convinced, the proceeding was proper. At the same time, we feel it to be an exception to some very good, solid, and approved general rules. It is certainly quite true, as a general rule, that when a man comes before the world in the character and vocation of what is called a "talker," it is best to let him exercise his vocation quietly, and take no notice of him.

We describe Mr. Garbett as one of this class. We are far from intending to deny those particular talents and acquirements which he undoubtedly possesses; nor do we mean to express ourselves illnaturedly about him. It is a simple fact, that there is this class of men in the world; and their tone, temper, habits, and constitution, are perfectly well known and understood. They may be, and often are, clever and brilliant men, with a great quantity, and great variety of information, and an easy and exuberant flow of language. They have an active, perhaps, though not deep, imagination; a remarkably good understanding with their pens and their

tongues, and they attract attention, and make themselves known. Still they are what are called "talkers;" *i. e.* they have no real meaning in what they say. We do not assert that what they say has no real meaning, but only that they have no real meaning in saying it. They take their subject in hand, whatever it is; expand, adorn, and enrich it; they carry it into every variety of illustration, and work it up in the most approved rhetorical fashion. They are copious and ornate—ornate and copious. But with the ornateness and copiousness of the writer himself the matter begins and ends. He views his subject under the aspect of identity with the exhibition of his own powers in treating of it. Not that he is, of necessity, in the vulgar sense of the word, conceited: he may be; but he need only have the strong general desire inherent in a well-stored mind to unfold its own resources and fertility, and make those powers, which were obviously designed to show themselves upon the literary field, fulfil their object. He obeys the call of nature. The process of exhibition approves itself as the legitimate enjoyment of a cultivated intellect. He comes into the arena like a generous steed, performing its lively curvets and evolutions, and giving expression to the natural innocent display of a spirited nature. To ask the tournamenting charger, why do you rear, and why do you caper, and what is your object in this movement oblique, and that movement round about, would be plainly a vexatious question; because if the generous animal could express its feelings, it would say at once—"I really have no particular meaning at all: I perform my feats and agilities because it is my nature, and because I find my spirits elevated by the exercise. I delight in the free development of the graceful elements in my constitution, in high and salient and spirited movements. But, then, I have no particular meaning in doing this—no deep ulterior object at all. It is only a large gay scene; there are a great many people looking at me; and I like prancing before the ladies."

Such, in effect, would appear the inspiring motive in many exhibitions of intellectual prowess that we see. The subject is ushered in and set going; the composition begins to roll; sentence after sentence marches in stately procession to the sound of the drum, with antithesis and imagery, banners and rich colours floating. What does it all mean? The explanation is simple enough: the author is on parade, and displaying his professional insignia. If he is sublime and imposing, rich and magnificent in the treatment of his subject, it is very fortunate for his subject that he is so. But it is an accidental piece of luck for it. It basks under a favouring sunshine, and is the happy material upon which the author brings his illuminating powers to bear. The subject, we say, is of an accidental, as distinguished from essential, importance in the author's scheme.

He hangs his imagery and diction upon it. Genius is the reality, the great fact in the case: its subject matter is secondary: it looks with the air of a patron upon the rude material which it moulds and ornaments. The final cause of all subjects, viz. that they should be written upon, is answered; the act of being copious and ornate is ultimate and conclusive; and the author rests with satisfaction in the result, and enjoys the light and sunshine of his own spreading. The view is, to a certain extent, a natural one; nor are we disposed to bring any charge against it, except that it implies a deficiency of object, of what is commonly called meaning, in the author. It must be doubted whether his proceeding has, in strict language, "sense" in it. With whatever shining qualities, brilliance, power, richness, attributable to it—it appears to labour under this particular deficiency. For end, purpose, object, are things out of and beyond the rhetorical medium through which they are aimed at; whereas the medium, in this instance, is what arrests, captivates, and fixes. The author energizes like a musical composer, and produces what a musician does—a composition. And, as in a musical piece, the reality is the composition itself.

Our readers will recognise, perhaps, the characteristics we have been giving, and we hope not overdrawn or exaggerated. The class of what are called "talkers" is by this time an established phenomenon in the literary world; and, though often a mischievous one, we must add, in sincerity, often not intentionally so. They only give a somewhat grotesque turn occasionally to public thought, when it has fallen upon grave and serious subjects, and spread over a deep sombre state of general feeling, a too light, fantastic ripple—an *ἀνηρίθμον γέλασμα*. Nobody thinks of being serious on their appearance; when they come on the scene, somehow or other, every body smiles. They carry about with them a secret spell creative of levity. They disarm ill-nature. They and their ways are understood. "We know such an one,"—is the remark made.

We feel we have been giving too glowing a description of the class we refer to, and that the mass of what are called "talkers," are much duller, and more prosaic, than would be gathered from the above. We can only say that we have been unconsciously influenced all the time by the very high standard and exemplar of the class that we have had before us. Mr. Garbett is not an ordinary "talker." He stands confessedly at the head of his class. A great number are dull, heavy, flat; Mr. Garbett is, on the contrary, clever and brilliant. He has not only a great deal to say for himself, but says it with literary unction and richness. His is, in the Homeric phraseology, "divine" talk—*θεσπέσιος ἀλάλητος*. He is, moreover, we understand, an amiable and a good-natured man; and we really only know of one thing against him, which, after all, conveys no

violent moral censurè, viz., that, whenever his name is mentioned, persons laugh. This appears to be a fact, as we understand from those who live within the sphere of his name—especially its academical sphere; and, however it may be accounted for, it is a remarkably significant and expressive one. That Mr. Garbett is clear and brilliant, everybody says; and then everybody smiles. And Mr. Garbett's fair name is of the nature of an April sky, shining full upon him, and ducking him most good-humouredly at the same time.

And now, it may be asked, why take formal notice of a sermon preached by a literary theologian of this character? Why treat it with such gravity at all? We answer, simply because that sermon contained statements that ought to be noticed; because, independent of the question of what result or influence such statements might have, they ought not to have been made. The fact itself, independent of any ulterior harm it might do, called for attention. The fact was, that very light, supercilious, and heterodox views, had been put forward by Mr. Garbett, on most awful subjects; that the recognised Church doctrines of the Sacraments and the Church had been openly attacked. It was clearly wrong that this should take place; it was wrong that such statements should be *heard*, even if they were only heard and had no sort of influence whatever upon the minds of the audience, within the walls of the University Church.

And such notice is the more necessary when the party who has occasioned it, seems, from a variety of signs, to have a career of sermons before him, and to be disposed to follow up the obnoxious one with others of the same stamp. In such a case, there is a particular propriety in taking notice of a line of preaching, before it has gone further. Objections raised when a thing has been going on for some time are apt to be met with the question—Why did you not object before? In Dr. Hampden's case, it was asked—Why did you not notice him at the time? and the objection was much insisted on. Dr. Hampden really thought error; in Mr. Garbett's case, we think it is more talk than anything else. This makes no difference, however, in the external fact. Viewing these sermons simply as exhibitions, we say such exhibitions ought not to be made within the walls of the University Church.

So much for Mr. Garbett, and his sermon. To turn now to another part of the proceeding, in which another personage figures.

Nothing can be clearer than the line enjoined upon the Vice-Chancellor, by the strict letter of the statutes, in case of any sermon delated to him. He has, in the first place, to consider whether a "*rationabilis causa suspicionis*" has been given by the delator; and if he thinks there is, then, secondly, to call for

a copy of the sermon, and, taking six Doctors of Divinity into formal consultation upon the matter, to examine its contents. The latter division of the business is one whole proceeding, which follows upon and after the former. To call for the copy of the sermon, and the examination of it, follows upon and after the acknowledgment of a "*rationabilis causa suspicionis*." The Vice-Chancellor is not told first to call for a copy of the sermon, and see, by examining it privately, whether it contains a "*rationabilis causa suspicionis*." This is to confound the two divisions of the matter. He is to consider whether there is a reasonable "*causa suspicionis*" to warrant examination; that is one thing: and if he considers there is, he has to examine the sermon, together with six Doctors; that is another thing. Only one examination of the sermon is mentioned; that, viz., which takes place after a reasonable "*causa suspicionis*" has been acknowledged, and which takes place, when it does take place, in company with six Doctors.

But, with this statute lying before him, what course did the Vice-Chancellor pursue on the occasion of this delation? He sent for a copy of the sermon, to examine it by himself, and made that private examination the test as to the existence of a "*causa suspicionis*." It is obvious that the "cause of suspicion" was created by what had taken place before. It was contained in the fact of an unexceptionable member of the University—a sensible, a learned, able and conscientious man, stating, as a fact, that he had heard with his own ears unsound statements from the mouth of Mr. Garbett. Taking the lowest possible view of such testimony, it at any rate amounts to a reasonable cause of *suspicion* against the sermon. The natural question to ask, in such a case, is, Do you object to the nature of the testimony, and the character of the witness? If you do not, you must admit it as a "*rationabilis causa suspicionis*." The Vice-Chancellor did not object to the testimony, and yet he did not admit it. He put it, without assigning a reason, simply aside; and whereas the statute says, A sermon shall be examined by six Doctors if a reasonable cause of suspicion is given by any competent party whatever that heard it; the Vice-Chancellor, on the contrary, says, A sermon shall not be so examined, unless the Vice-Chancellor shall have previously read the sermon himself, and formed a determinate opinion of his own upon it. It is clear that the very phrase "reasonable cause of suspicion," is used in order to express some ground for instituting an examination of a sermon, other and less stringent than a prior examination of the sermon itself. You *examine* a sermon, *i. e.* examine the actual contents of the document itself, to know if you are to acquit or condemn it, not to know whether you are to examine it. Simply to know whether you should examine it, some lower ground is, in the nature of the case,

necessary; and this lower ground is expressed in the statute by the term "reasonable cause of suspicion." Such reasonable cause of *suspicion*, though not sufficient ground for a sentence against a sermon, is certainly a sufficient ground for instituting an examination of it; and a regular examination of the sermon was all that was asked for in the present case.

How did the Vice-Chancellor act on a precisely similar occasion a year ago? When Dr. Pusey's sermon was delated to him, did he take upon himself a responsible examination of the doctrines in it, previous to deciding whether it should be examined by a regular Board or not? He did not. He simply accepted the delator's testimony; and, upon that testimony, placed the sermon before a Board. It was even particularly given out, and persons were told to understand, that the fact of a delation obliged the Vice-Chancellor to call in the Board of Heresy, and left him no option on the subject. He described himself as acting passively in the matter, and being the simple official executor of a step, which followed in course, upon such a call being made. The whole proceeding, in short, on his part, from the first delation to the final judgment, was asserted to be of this purely instrumental character: and as he was the mere passive executor of the delator's call in the first instance, so he was the mere passive executor of the six doctors' judgment in the second. Now a different rule is acted on. When Mr. Garbett's sermon is delated, so far from thinking himself bound to accept passively the testimony of the delator, the Vice-Chancellor sends for the sermon, and tests the delator's testimony by his own review of the document. He exerts, personally, the greatest judicial power on the point; acts as the sole and absolute judge as to instituting an examination or not; and takes upon himself the whole responsibility in the matter. Academic law is interpreted in one way in one year, and precisely the opposite the very next; and Dr. Wynter in 1843 and Dr. Wynter in 1844 contradict each other.

The contrast is more striking from the fact of general opinion, at the respective times, having declared itself so much more on the side of one delator than of the other. With respect to Dr. Pusey's sermon, the delator stood alone, as far as all signs went. All was quiet—the sermon passed off without a remark, and everybody was simply surprised when the delation was heard of, and could not conceive what it was for. In the case of Mr. Garbett's sermon, the opinion that it was a most heterodox production was very strongly and decidedly expressed within half an hour of the delivery, by a considerable portion of the University. A very unanimous and wide disapprobation was felt and shown. Yet the same Vice-Chancellor who had viewed himself as the passive recipient of the testimony of Dr. Pusey's delator, standing alone against Dr. Pusey; now made himself the active and responsible

rejector of the testimony of Mr. Garbett's delator, backed by the general opinion of the University, against Mr. Garbett.

We have been thus marked and particular in this statement of the case, because it seems of importance that an act of official injustice, when quite clear on the part of such a functionary, should be stated and known. We do not see how the Vice-Chancellor can avoid the charge of having acted against an intelligible and straightforward part of a University statute. The statute obviously makes the testimony of a competent witness a "*rationabilis causa suspicionis*" against a sermon; the Vice-Chancellor himself made it so last year, and yet he does not make it so this.

The reader has now before him the kind of theological equilibrium, at present maintained in the University. Mr. Garbett, it seems, makes, on a particular occasion, a decidedly, in the opinion of many, heterodox exhibition in the University pulpit; and a gentleman of great ability, learning, and moderation, simply asks—not that the sermon should be condemned—but merely that it should be examined according to the statutes, and that examination is denied. A clear, flowing, rhetorical preacher—to whom nevertheless no depth or seriousness is generally attributed, and who, whether it be his misfortune or his fault, has managed to acquire even somewhat of a ludicrous reputation—is allowed to say what he pleases in the University pulpit. No check is imposed upon him; the refusal to allow the statutable examination of his sermon, tells him, as plainly as a fact can tell him, that he may preach other sermons like it, and encourages such further displays. And crude, off-hand doctrinal laxities—views, which openly express an unconcern for any Church-standard of doctrine at all—are to be heard within the walls of St. Mary's, and are allowed all the external face and show of University teaching.

There is one useful aspect, however, in which the matter may be viewed. The contrast is almost too absurd to be mentioned; but mention it we must, because the facts of the case obtrude it upon us. Two persons in two successive years have been theologically objected to; one by one religious school in the University, the other by another; the one from the quarter of the Hebdomadal Board, the other from the side that that Board opposes. It is Dr. Pusey in the one case; Mr. Garbett in the other. A more extraordinary juxtaposition of names could not well be imagined. Are these two, we ask, to be understood to be the representatives in any sense of the respective schools with which their names are thus connected? Dr. Pusey has long had the character of being the champion of one school. Is Mr. Garbett to be considered the champion of the other? There is a pause, we observe; and some time for deliberation seems to be wanted, in order to answer that question.

We are not surprised at this. We have given a description of Mr. Garbett—we hope a fair one. We have done justice to those powers which he has, and at the same time have mentioned certain traits about him—simple matters of fact, which every body says of him, who says anything of him at all—which are not flattering ones. We are not surprised, taking him as a whole, that there is an indisposition to allow Mr. Garbett to be in such a position. Conscious, partly, of certain fantastic associations which accompany his name; and afraid partly of one who cannot be trusted to restrict himself at all times to the line of a “safe” theology, the opponents of the Catholic movement make use of Mr. Garbett, and at the same time do not like the connexion to be pressed too much upon them.

But the fact is evident; Mr. Garbett is their champion and representative, so far as acts of championship on his side, and acts of patronage on their’s can make him. He was appointed Bampton lecturer, and he turned his appointment to that controversial purpose which gratitude suggested. He came forward alone to defend the suspension of Dr. Pusey; and he was made select preacher in consequence. In this capacity he preaches a sermon to which objection is made, and the shield is immediately thrown over him; and his theology is fairly ratified and approved of. Mr. Garbett certainly is the champion of the Hebdomadal Board, and the appointed University antagonist of the “Oxford movement.”

We will ask any one of fair, honest mind, simply to consider this fact; and, so far as it goes, put it directly to his own conscience and good sense, which way it tells: now, it tells for two theological sides; that Mr. Garbett stands in a relation to the one, similar to what Dr. Pusey does in the other. Let him only hear the most ordinary statements as to the kind of persons—what Dr. Pusey is, and what Mr. Garbett is—we are not alluding to them in their private character, but in their public, their character as men who have both come before the world, and of each of whom a general opinion has been formed—let him put the question to himself, whether he would not really, and in his own heart, feel—to use a common-sense word—feel a little ashamed of the one, and not at all of the other. Would this, or would it not, express just the sort of difference there was between the two. And, moreover, to come to the main point, could he really and honestly consider that this difference in the two representatives was accidental, and that, therefore, neither the one party nor the other was at all to be judged of from it? Could he really think this, or would he not rather, naturally and involuntarily, if left to himself, draw some inference, more or less, as to the character of a party or school itself from such a fact. We do not say that a school is to be identified with the

peculiar personal characteristics of its representative; we do not say that Dr. Pusey's side must be exactly like Dr. Pusey, or Mr. Garbett's side exactly like Mr. Garbett. The connexion need not be one of similitude; but only there will *be* a connexion between the fact of what sort of person a representative of a school is, and the character of that school. A school of reality, depth, and sound feeling, will not get itself represented by a ridiculous person; it will, somehow or other, manage to escape that misfortune. We put it to any one of fair mind, who knows the aspect of things and the tone of the acting parties at the present day, whether he can really think that the Catholic school which has been forming amongst us, the Oxford school of theology, as it is called, could ever, by any possibility, have got itself represented by a gentleman of Mr. Garbett's particular character. An honest, impartial person, we say, might not have formed his judgment on many features in this Catholic movement, and might have an unfavourable one about some; but, with all doubts and all drawbacks, he would recognise such a character in that movement, as to feel sure that it would not allow itself to be represented by a simply clever, light-minded, rhetorical person. He would, we are convinced, see and own a direct contrast, in this very respect, between this religious movement and some others that might occur to his mind; that whereas some religious movements might admit of being represented by such a person; this one never could: that it would instinctively reject such a leadership, as unsuitable and ungenial with it; and could not, by the very force of its own existence, stop short of a real, deep, earnest, serious, solid standard, to which a representative of it must come up, in order to be in this position to it. He could hardly, we think, in his heart, deny this; and, acknowledging it, he could hardly deny that it was a fact which deserved attention in making an estimate of the two sides.

And now—with a few extracts from the sermon, the theology of which the other side have, by this act of formal protection, justified and taken up themselves—we conclude.

"With candid and reasonable minds . . . there can be no doubt as to the meaning of this emphatic phrase [preaching Christ]—simple as it is emphatic—labouring, though it be, to some minds with the prodigious births of later ecclesiastical systems."—Pp. 7, 8.

On the subject of the Sacraments, Mr. Garbett says:—

"This gospel, then, in the promulgation of which Paul rejoiced, *was no gigantic sacramental system, the growth, intellectually and morally, in part, of sacerdotal usurpation*, but in fact, a great deal more of influences and combinations of events unforeseen, and unrebuked, as they rose, by the simple word of God! But it was no other than repentance towards God, and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ—Christ, as our life and our hope, our justification, and sanctification, and redemption! Christ, as our sole reconciler to God, and holiness as the seal of the Spirit upon the true believer, and the unquestionable

evidence, in the eyes of all the world, of the working of the regenerating Spirit within the soul."—Pp. 8, 9.

"Whatever efficacy, and whatever weight, in the order of means and instruments of grace, be assigned to the sacraments ordained by Christ himself, yet this, beyond question, according to St. Paul, is the *essence* of the Gospel, its concentrated power, and living force. This, detached from all accessories,—this, made bare of all accidents,—*this, taken in every variety of form, if I may so say, out of the vehicles through which it is conveyed*, the means by which it is enforced, and the forms in which it is embodied, is the transforming, quickening, saving energy which God became man that he might convey to perishing sinners. It is Christ our life, and faith, instrumentally conveying to the soul the vital virtue which resides, without stint or measure, in Him!"—Pp. 9, 10.

"The truths of the life-giving Gospel of Christ, which are of power to reconcile men to God, and to save the soul, are not only capable of being separated, by an intellectual analysis, from any specific form of church-government and instruments of discipline, but are constantly so presented in Scripture! that they are, from a divine wisdom, deliberately so urged, and continually placed before our eyes in this their independent force, and, conditioned only on the presence of that Spirit who bloweth where he listeth, in their naked, essential efficacy! Albeit, the Gospel is laid before us under a diversity of aspects and relations; sometimes in its first creative energy in the soul; sometimes in the struggles and painful developments of the christian life; sometimes in its visible works; sometimes in its consummation in the intuitions of a divine and contemplative love, as handled by Paul, or Peter, or James, or John, it is still the same. In all it stands aloof, as far as statement goes, of any specific form or regimen, as essential to its power."—Pp. 10, 11.

On the subject of the Apostolical succession in the Church, and those who separate from it, *i. e.* formal schismatics:—

"The hypothesis that resistance to the apostles and their successors as God's messengers and vicars is equal in guilt, and entails the same spiritual consequences on teacher and taught, is both historically and argumentatively unsustainable."—P. 13.

"Unquestionably, upon later principles, even the principles of Cyprian and perhaps of Ignatius, both teacher and taught would immediately, whether they wished it or not, have been severed by excommunication from the body of Christ."—P. 14.

Mr. Garbett's opinion, then, seems to be, that though it was not allowable to separate from St. Paul, because he was an apostle, it may have been quite allowable to separate from St. Ignatius, because he was only a successor of an apostle; and that the obligation of adherence to the apostolical line ceased with the apostles themselves; that is to say, ceased as soon as it began.

Mr. Garbett goes on to show, that the sacraments are valid, though not administered by ordained ministers:—

"What is demonstrable is this, that the true Gospel of Christ was efficaciously preached by men of a separating and anti-apostolical spirit. Moreover, it could not but happen, that not only the general truths of the Gospel, but even their peculiarities, and their opposition, at all events, to apostolical authority, should have been communicated to those whom they converted. . . . And this schismatic teaching having thus the power to work in the soul, that which is the triumph of the Gospel and the test of its divine origin, a complete revolution of the inner man, it would not empty of their efficacy and blessedness to the disciple, those sacraments which presupposed the faith and grace which they did

not produce, but which they either sealed or sustained. The less is necessarily involved in the greater. Where God withholds not the transforming and vital spirit, (and if he had witholden it here, St. Paul never could have rejoiced at the preaching of Christ, which would thus become a most impotent and hollow thing;) he would not deny the smaller, though still blessed gifts consequent upon it—the full privileges of union with Christ through faith.—Pp. 17, 18.

That uncommissioned preaching, and preaching out of the Church, is lawful:—

“It is in its very nature a free and anti-formalist spirit, that of the Gospel! And, albeit, not on earth to be disencumbered either of human or even authoritative agencies, which, in the midst of corruptions, and miserable obscurations of light and of a primitive commission, have been mightily blessed, and are any how to be retained and defended; yet has it ever been breaking forth from the confinement into which men, each in his own sectarian circle, would fain coop it up.”—P. 19.

“The power of the Gospel lies, in very truth, in the fore-designed correspondence between certain *facts* of revelation on one side, and certain facts of human nature on the other, wrought out by that awakening of the conscience to a feeling of this harmony, and that spontaneous and living acting on it, which is the work of the Spirit. The burthen of sin—the consciousness of condemnation—the sighing for deliverance from this body of death! Christ as the Reconciler, and free Redeemer—The Holy Ghost the Sanctifier—Faith and holiness! *Behold the Gospel!* Behold the simple instrument which is powerful to the regeneration of fallen humanity, which awakens the profoundest harmonies, and unthought-of capacities of the soul. Behold the wisdom, before which learning is a mockery, and eloquence is dumb, and intellect and philosophy are the mere weapons of children by the side of the elemental forces of nature. The one like the other, are the power of God. *It is a shallow philosophy, and a forgetfulness of the simplest practical truths, which dreams that such facts as these, if rightly apprehended, facts in themselves so gigantic, and heart-touching, and life-giving, can receive strength, or carry a saving conviction from the testimony of any church, however named, or entitled to the reverence of mankind.* Preserved they may be, recommended they may be, but I mean a *saving* reception of them. Before they can be received to the salvation of the soul, they must, to each individual conscience, bear their own witness, and their own light with them. No theoretic or vicarious admission is enough. The ultimate evidence to them is *intuitive*; inward, not outward; intensely personal, not from other men; identified with our heart and soul, and all our being, the felt but yet inexplicable mysteries of faith! This no church can by an absolute act convey, nor hinder God from conveying. ‘God so loved the world that he gave his only-begotten Son, to the end that all who believe on him should not perish, but have everlasting life!’ ‘Believeth in Him!’ Here is the covenant sealed in baptism; and whoever is so saved, is not saved *beyond*, and out of the covenant, but by the terms of it.”—Pp. 21, 22.

“So it was in the primitive church! That marvellous and unparalleled movement which renovated the world, guided by the same noiseless yet irresistible force which impels the stars in their courses, was not merely the result of the preaching of apostles and prophets, though they were, under God, the originators of life and action, and, to the end of their days, the most honoured instruments in that greatest and profoundest of human revolutions. The whole body which they gathered round them participated in the expansive impulse! *In that great spiritual fermentation, each became, in himself, a centre of movement*, albeit, from the power of the love which burned within them, the unity of object, and the self-sameness of the Spirit, amid large and multiplying diversities, still maintained the mystical body in its true oneness, inherency in Christ the head, and intercommunion as the necessary result of it! This commission was the Spirit within them, and the happiness of making known the great salvation!”—Pp. 24, 25.

"It was from the same force of individual conviction, working vehemently forth on all sides, that the Jews, in their dispersion, in spite of the exclusive and unproselytizing character of the law, had diffused so widely among the nations of the earth that knowledge of the true God, which subsequently led so many, trained in that preparatory discipline, to embrace with an eager heart the expanded scheme of Christianity! And so it *must* ever be. You may frankly meet this spirit, you may authorize it, you may avail yourselves of it, but the rivers will sooner run back to their fountain head, than such a law as this be reversed. You may use it, but destroy it you cannot. Both Jew and Christian acted and will act on this universal law."—P. 26.

"I confess that when, with Scripture in my hand, I consider the unchangeable elements of the human mind, the stormy waters of the religious and political passions, the heathen insensibility and practical infidelity which have *never ceased* for one moment to prevail within the nominal Christian Church, and the utter impossibility, without the most varied and complicated agencies, of bringing the Gospel to bear upon the mass of mankind, it [the apostolical succession as understood by strict Churchmen] *appears to me a practical absurdity! And when I add to this the inestimable worth of souls, above all human, much less sectarian or ecclesiastical considerations, I think the burthen of proof is thrown on the advocates of a one-handed and impotent system, alien to our Church's true spirit, and vainly struggling to fit the world to its own narrowness! Nothing, therefore, can convert a ministry into a priesthood, interpose a Church between the individual soul and God, limit what God has left at large, expand what he has limited, supply what he has wisely omitted, or change, by one jot or tittle, the conditions of everlasting life, and the essentials of salvation! It is written—it is the word!—there is an end of it; and we refuse either to add to it, or to take from it.*"—Pp. 29, 30.

Of Creeds and Articles:—

"That creeds, and articles, and controversial theology, though each, in its place, not only justifiable, but absolutely *indispensable* to the defence and conservation of the truth, are yet only out-works; *oftentimes not absolutely, but relatively true, and sometimes themselves bearing the marks of local and temporary errors, and an exploded philosophy.*"—Pp. 41, 42.

Mr. Garbett, on the whole, appears to reject the whole Church form of Christianity, from the days of the Apostles. The "*prodigious births of later ecclesiastical systems,*" and that "*sacramental system which was the growth intellectually and morally in part of sacerdotal usurpation,*" those "*later principles*"—the "*principles of Cyprian, and perhaps of Ignatius*"—all this comes under his strong condemnation. He condemns St. Ignatius, and St. Cyprian, and he eulogises Vigilantius and Jovinian. He conceives that those two acknowledged heretics stood in the same relation to the Christian dispensation that the old prophets did to the Jewish. The passage is characteristic.

"Ardent minds, inflamed with an inward spirit, become *possessed* by some great neglected truth. Their heads are filled with one thought, and their hearts with one feeling! And, at first, acting within the existing system, and striving to reanimate it; or, if rejected thence, jostling rudely against it, they have been, from age to age, the means employed, either for the accomplishment of the necessary change, or for that rebuke which condemns the generation which was deaf to it, and vindicates the ways of God to man! Such, under the law of Moses, were the prophets, not usually taken from the priestly caste, but summoned forth by a special commission to rebuke the sins of people and governors, and, by a stern discipline, to regenerate them both. *Such, in the very crisis of the western Church, were Vigilantius and Jovinian, wrestling manfully,*

though hopelessly, against the existing system, and, like all rebellions which are suppressed, riveting only more perfectly upon the human mind that enormous burthen of error which they valiantly attempted to upheave. Such were Luther and the heroic reformers of the sixteenth century. Such, amidst the paralysis and deadness to all nobler enthusiasm, through which the last century languished on, were Wesley and Whitfield, proclaimers of great truths, with an evident vocation, and a significance which ought to have been clearly recognised. Such, from time to time, have been the rebukers and reformers of great state sins and national abuses—the Howards, the Clarksons, and the Wilberforces—the great and acknowledged benefactors of mankind.”—Pp. 46, 47.

1. *The Neighbours.* 2. *The President's Daughters.* 3. *The H—— Family.* 4. *Strife and Peace.* 5. *The Home.* By FREDERICA BREMER. London: W. Smith. 1844.

It is rare that a foreign work of fiction becomes popular among us. We import history from France, classics from Germany, and “Works on Religious Literature” from America; but our popular novels are a home manufacture. Indeed, we sustain the balance of trade, which would otherwise be terribly against us, by our exports of this article. Scott and Dickens are naturalized in every European language, and Bulwer reckons more readers in Germany than in England.

This is not owing to a want of good novels of their own. In Germany, Tieck, in the last generation, and the Countess Hahn Hahn, in the present, may be named, as enjoying a complete popularity at home, and an equally complete obscurity among us. But France is especially prolific in this product. A large class of novelists of the school of the last revolution, enjoy there a popularity wider than any one writer among us. Journals of the highest character would be considered incomplete without the daily *feuilleton*. But none of these have taken in England. Even the “Mysteries of Paris,” on its publication, on which the reputation of the *Débats* is founded, quite as much as on its possessing the confidence of government, appears among us only in the shape of a shilling abridgment for the readers of Holywell-street; while no less than ten different German translations of it were included in the catalogue of the Leipsic Easter fair.

We are not going to inquire what may be the reasons of this general distaste of ours for foreign novels. The fact will be allowed. We have to consider a case of exception; for such Miss Bremer seems to be. We say “seems,” for some accidental circumstances have helped to lift her to that degree of popularity—not very great, after all—which she enjoys in England. The fact of the publishers finding an American translation ready done to their hands (and a very creditable one, as to style) at once tempted and enabled them to put out these tales in a cheap form, and thus put them into the hands of a distinct class of readers from the regular customers of the circulating library,

who were already provided for by Mrs. Howitt's post 8vos. Neither this, however, nor the representation of Swedish manners they give, would alone have gained them readers, without some degree of intrinsic merit; and such, no doubt, they have.

This merit is of a much higher kind than even good representation of her countrymen's manners. Miss Bremer may be true to Swedish life, but she is also true to human life; she is able to paint character as well as manners. They are not only Swedish gentlemen and ladies, but men and women, whom she brings before us. The former might amuse, but the latter alone can interest us. And her characters are not, like Miss Austen's, interesting just because they are so very commonplace. Miss Austen delights us by unveiling to us the great amount of tact, manoeuvre, and management, that ordinary people—people who were never guilty of bestowing a thought on things in themselves, who never dreamt of questioning the routine in which they find themselves—bestow on the conduct of every-day life. Her personages differ in the degree of talent they bring to this task—not in the principles that guide them in it; for, so far as they have any, all appeal to the same. Miss Bremer's characters, though no less true to nature, are what would be called more original; they have more individuality, without being strange or singular. Miss Austen has observed life with great acuteness; Miss Bremer has also reflected on it. Her characters act from principles which they avow, and are able to discuss. Yet she does not make them mere embodiments of abstract notions—the common fault on this side. They are of a class of character becoming more and more common in modern society, who have considered and consciously-formed principles of action, which, with more or less consistency, they conform themselves to. The prevalence of this character seems a distinguishing feature of our times; in Protestant countries, especially, where there is no spiritual guide of life to be relied on with uninquiring trust, and the old forms of the social system, and the barrier between different ranks, are so broken up, that the conventional moralities which once stood in the stead of principle, no longer serve us. The mass of mankind, it is true, still go on, simply pushing and jostling one another for the first place, without more aim than success in the given game—but there mix with these an increasing number, who adopt systems of life, who endeavour to carry out a theory, and to form themselves into an ideal character. This was a symptom of the age of the decline of paganism—Christianity itself first came in as one among many philosophies of life.

Of the novelists who represent this modern character, Sir E. Bulwer is the most remarkable. There seems no limit to the influence which such representations of character as his may have on young minds. They may be counteracted; the system

may be given up by the disciple; but, so long as persevered in, endless progress seems possible. The wisdom of the man of the world lies in a narrow compass; the arts of finesse, like the tricks of the juggler, are all learnt in time, and the performer laughs in his sleeve at the ten-thousandth repetition of the sleight of hand on which his success depends. "*Quam parvâ sapientiâ regitur mundus!*" was a Swedish chancellor's exclamation to his son. But the adept of a transcendental mystery is ever learning, ever growing. He is not at the expiring of an apprenticeship turned out of hand a perfect master of his art—a Theramenes or a Talleyrand; but goes on, widening, developing, and consolidating his wisdom till the last. True and therefore more fatal copy of the christian life in this respect seems the unhappy Faust—trained on by the fascinations of science to a growth in evil, which, like the Christian's in good, merges in evil.

The problem, then, before the novelist who would adequately represent the modern world, is, to bring on his stage both these classes in their due proportion, to be able to give reality to his pictures of life by his knowledge of the world of business and bustle, and depth and substance, by a sympathy with as great a variety of conditions of mind as possible. Bulwer, who is unrivalled in the latter, fails in his scenes of real life. Miss Austen, who is near perfection in these, never rises above the level of the drawing-room carpet. Miss Bremer, though not equal to either in their respective spheres, yet does what they do not, unite the body and spirit. Manœuvring mammas, marrying men, fops, and flirts, the ordinary complement of the ball-room, appear as the substratum of her group, while there mix among them, and attach our interest, men of abstract views, men of genius, dark and gloomy souls, who appear for other purposes than those of being laughed at, of making themselves ridiculous, or turning enthusiastic young ladies' heads. The quiet tea-party, the family evening circle, the silent progress of jealousy between two lovers, are well done by a writer who can not only draw, but manage, on the same stage, characters, our interest in whom lies in the insight we get into their inner being. In this combination of the novel with the romance, lies Miss Bremer's excellence. We shall proceed to give some specimens of both kinds. Here is one which can be extracted without requiring any detail of the story. It is from a chapter headed "*Unlucky Days.*" The speaker is the governess.

"My dear reader, have you ever known such? In the history of the world we see unfortunate friends, when, through whole centuries, everything seems to go wrong; they murder, they burn, they overthrow thrones and religions; and as the great always mirrors itself in the little, so does man number in his life unlucky days *par excellence*.

"You begin the morning, for example, by putting on your dress wrong side outwards; and this is a sort of prelude to the events of the whole day. You

cut yourself in shaving; you go out to seek for people, and you do not find them; you are found by people whom you do not seek; you say a stupid thing, when you mean to say something witty; your dinner is bad; everything goes on indescribably stupid; and if, on one of these unlucky days you should take it into your head to make proposals to a lady, you would certainly come off with a refusal.

"What happened that should not at the President's toilet one unlucky Thursday morning, I will not undertake to conjecture! but it is certain that an unhappy destiny pursued him the whole day, and that every member of the family was obliged to feel this, more or less. Early in the morning it began to go wrong with him. He was to go to the palace; and three little black plasters adorned his chin and under-lip, and the *friseur* who was to cut his hair did not make his appearance. On this he scolded so vehemently, and was, besides, in such terrible uneasiness, that I, in my distress, offered to exercise the office of *friseur*. The President said, 'God forbid!' made compliments from politeness; but asked me, however, pleasantly jesting, whether I had ever cut a man's hair; and when I told him of my uncle, the High Court Notary, of my brother, the Auscultant, and of my brother-in-law, the Burgomaster, all of whose hair I had cut on festal occasions, he gladly accepted my services. We went into his study. He sat down to look over his papers, while I pinned a napkin over his shoulders, and began operations with my scissors, in his rich and abundant head of hair. The most difficult part of the business was, that the President did not keep his head still a single instant. He was busily occupied with his papers, and, as it seemed, with something unpleasant in them; for he muttered to himself at intervals, and shook his head in such a manner that my scissors were forced to make sudden and adventurous evolutions. It was still worse when I attempted to use the curling-tongs; for now, as the manœuvres of the tongs could not possibly be so rapid as those of the scissors, and the President continued the motions of his head, he was often very seriously struck and burned. 'Ah, ah, dear lady, pray do not take off my head!' The worst of it was, when the President got up after the hair-cutting was over, and looked at himself in the glass; for he stood now so astonished and obviously enraged, that the perspiration, from terror, actually started out on my forehead.

"'Good gracious!' said he, in an angry tone, 'what do I look like? Do you call that cutting hair? I am shaved clean, absolutely shorn! I cannot allow myself to be seen by any one.' I assured him, in the midst of my agony, that it suited him uncommonly well, that I had never seen him look better; but when Adelaide came in, and, embracing her father, burst out into a hearty laugh at his strange appearance, I was infected by her merriment, and laughed till I cried; while I, in vain, endeavoured to make excuses for my hair-cutting and my laughter. The President was in a fair way to keep us company, turned about suddenly, however, and was very angry, and running all his ten fingers into his hair, he rushed down the steps, got into the carriage, and was driven off to the Court.

"At noon the President came back: he was in a quiet mood, but rather ungracious towards me; and I must do him the justice to say, that this was by no means to be wondered at.

"'God give us enough!' said he, looking over the table, with a disturbed countenance, on which to-day there was one dish less than usual; that is, there were but four dishes, which, in my opinion, are quite enough to satisfy as many persons as ourselves. I soon found, however, that the President's sighs were prophetic, for the food was badly dressed; the roast beef was so much underdone that it could not be eaten, the cream cakes so rancid that the President insisted they were poisonous. It was Edla's month for housekeeping, and her indifference and negligence became everyday more apparent. The President cast upon her a dissatisfied glance, but he was too delicate in his feelings to reprove his daughter at table. He contented himself with remarking, laconically, the defects of the dishes, and not eating of them, but was, inter-

nally, the more annoyed. After dinner he attempted, for the edification of the children, and, perhaps, to show his own stoicism, a remarkable feat with a full glass of wine, which he intended to turn topsy-turvy, without spilling a drop; not a drop merely, but all the wine in the glass, poured down upon the white damask tablecloth, which occasioned great alarm, uproar, and confusion, but which proved a favourable occurrence for me, as I assured the President that I could take out the stain entirely.

"Meanwhile the wild little ones ran round the room so turbulently, that, before anyone could foresee it, a glass of lemonade was discharged into the President's lap, a tea-cup flew upon my nose, and the cream was poured into the sugar-bowl. All this took place in one moment, and the President, extremely angry, put the little creatures, with his own hand, into the next room, in punishment. This little scene, however, did not disturb the rest of the company. Adelaide sang with great life and expression, a song about home."—*The President's Daughters*, pp. 99—104.

This natural scene of domestic life is the prelude to an outbreak of the long pent-up irritation and soreness of the unhappy Edla, which completes the "unlucky day;" and it is an instance of the admirable skill with which the transition is made from homely scenes and events, to what is grand and terrible in passion.

"Strife and Peace," in which there is hardly any story, but which is intended to describe Norwegian life, offers abundant variety of domestic scenery. Farm-house life is everywhere that form of life which most strongly develops the family. Norwegian farm-house life does this on a scale which almost brings back to us the feudal castle—a little kingdom, complete in itself. The climate, with its long winters, requires a store of provisions to be laid in during the summer, as for a siege. This gives an importance and a magnitude to domestic economy, which, great and important as it is everywhere, makes it, on a Norwegian farm, all in all.

Consequently, the character of the careful *mater-familias*, in its various shades, from Madame H——, who is sunk into the fretting, anxious, restless housekeeper, up to "*Ma chère mère*," who rules an extensive country domain with the same despotic sway that one of the old Vikingr chieftains may have done in the reign of Harold the Fair—is a very favourite character with Miss Bremer. The long and terrible winter of the North requires and calls forth a strength and fortitude of character to meet it, even among the women, which in other countries there is nothing to create. Hence, such female Cyclopes, "*Ma chère mère*," and Fou Astrid, are no mere vagaries of the imagination; but are the genuine modern descendants of those lordly dames of the old Norse life, who rivalled in their narrow valleys the eccentric despotism of Catherine of Russia.

"We read of a lady of Haltingdale, who was so magnificent that she was drawn by elks. We hear, too, of the rich lady Belju, who built the church at Naes, and had the rock of Beja split by means of fire and butter, so that a road might be made over it. We hear of the ladies of Skolberg and Skondale: of

their dispute concerning a pig, and of the false oath which one of them took in the law-suit that followed. Of all these dames the Saga asserts, that the preacher did not venture to ring the church-bells until the powerful lady had arrived."—*Strife and Peace*, p. 38.

A fitting population for a country—

"On which the doom of an eternal death seems to have been impressed, even in the morning hour of creation. The vast shadows of the dark mountains fall over valleys where only moss grows, over seas whose still waters are bound by eternal ice. The stillness of death reigns in these valleys, broken only by the crackling of the glacier, and the thunder of the avalanche. No bird moves its wings, or raises its song, in this mournful region; only the melodious sighs of the cuckoo are faintly borne hither by the Midsummer wind."—P. 3.

Well might the gentle and delicate Alette, daughter of a Provençal mother, look forward with gloomy forebodings to her approaching settlement in a land of storms, fogs, darkness, ice, and bears.

The old superstitions naturally cling to such a region:

"They are frozen into the minds of men—they are petrified in the fearful forms in which they first received life. In vain has the light of the Gospel sought to scatter the shadows of a thousand years. Ancient night still holds her empire. In vain does the holy cross rise from every cliff. A belief in sorcery and witchcraft is universal among the people. The old witch sits full of malice in her cave, and raises the storm that is to overwhelm the mariner; and the ghost, Stallo—a tall figure clothed in black, with a staff in his hand—wanders through the wilds, and challenges the lonely traveller to combat for life or death."—P. 96.

We must not dwell so long on descriptions of scenery as to lead the reader to imagine that it is the prominent feature of these novels; or we should have liked to have quoted the passage of the Hardanger Feld; so graphic, as to remind us of the inimitable "Passage of the Alps" in Livy, which, had it been less generally true to universal mountain-scenery, would have been more easily identified by critics with the individual valley through which Hannibal actually marched than it can now be.

We might collect many shrewd and clever remarks, showing much and varied observation, scattered up and down these volumes. For example:—

"The eye which was attentively fixed on these pictures soon expressed something lovely, sad, and enthusiastic; and this was the strongest evidence of their real beauty."

"If a man thinks that thou art a fool, it does not injure thee the least in his opinion; but if he once thinks that thou considerest him a fool, then art thou lost for ever with him."—*The H— Family*, p. 19.

"A family resembles, at the same time, a poem and a machine. Of the poetry of it, or the song of the feelings which streams through all the parts and unites them together, which wreathes flowers around life's crown of thorns, and clothes the bare hills of reality with the greenness of hope; of this every human heart knows. But the machinery many consider as unimportant, and neglect it. But this part of the plan of domestic life, is not the least essential for its harmonious operation. It is with this machinery as with that of a clock. If the

wheels, springs, &c. are in good order, the pendulum needs but a touch, and everything begins its proper motion."—*The H—— Family*.

"No distinction is commonly made between eagerness to please and coquetry; and yet there is a very essential one. How repulsive, how unpleasant is the woman who has not a desire to please!

"When misunderstandings and constrained intercourse arise between friends and the members of a family, they seldom pass away without a crisis and an explanation; but these are dangerous periods of revolution; and for once that the thorn is extracted, it is three times driven deeper."—*The President's Daughters*.

We have not given these as specimens of any extraordinary depth or originality; but casual remarks of this stamp are enough to give a reader that kind of confidence, which it is so desirable to have in his author, that he will find him a sensible and intelligent companion as long as he likes to travel with him.

We have delayed thus long to notice the most important feature in these volumes, from our reluctance to quarrel with one who has pleased us so much. If what we have to object to in them was incidental, only showing itself here and there in a passing allusion, we should be inclined to pass it *sub silentio*. But this is not the case. It pervades the whole series, and meets us at every turn.

We have said that the characters—the most prominent ones—belong to the *reflecting*, rather than to the *clever*, class of mankind; that they are persons who strive to form their conduct on settled systems of principles; who try to work out in life a set of rules of their own, rather than such as play at winning in a game, the rules of which are given. And very refined and noble some of the characters are.

There are two faulty tempers in which the trials of life may be met, very different from one another. The one is that fiery and untameable impatience, which, keenly alive to the misery of man's lot here, and the hopelessness of escape, ceases to struggle with calamity, but without learning resignation. Like the tiger in his den, its confirmed despair consigns it to an unceasing chafing against the bars of its cage, to a restlessness without energy, a fretful perpetual motion in which there is no activity. This unhappy state of mind is so obviously unchristian and unnatural, that it repels us at once. Though it is not so uncommon in real life as might be supposed: it is far from being confined to a poetical Prometheus, or to one or two of the more conspicuous of the children of men—Voltaire or Byron; but is one among the numerous brood of error hatching daily among those who are not protected by the teaching of the Church. However, it is not at the present day the most pressing and formidable of the forms of false philosophy; whereas the opposite error is rank and spreading.

When the mind fully comprehends the folly of kicking against the thorns of life, and, seeing that they cannot be

escaped, sets itself to consider how they may be best borne, a very specious doctrine is ready to receive him, and offers him its safe-conduct through the world. This is one entirely of submission and patience. Not the dogged and sullen submission of the necessitarian, in which the will is totally extinct, and the human being degraded into a mere shuttlecock—a sport of a blind fate; but a conscious accommodation of self to the flow of the universe; a placidly committing ourselves to the silent stream of time, in which our care is limited to preserving the trim of our vessel. To this happy repose, the gusts of passion, the toil and sweat of “laborious men,” are unknown. Hence enthusiasm and devotion become folly, enterprise and exertion simply a mistake. But to climb to this cloudless height, to scale these Epicurean *intermundia*, is not done at once, by a single effort—by only adopting the doctrine: a long and gradual apprenticeship is needed, during which acute observation, tact, and caution, must be perpetually exerted.

It is obvious how much more seductive a theory this is to the young mind than the other. When the tender sensitive spirit is lying prostrate beneath the first sharp blow of adversity, smarting as much from the novelty as the acuteness of a pang unfelt before, instead of the cruel mockery of telling him that thus it must be for ever, and that, therefore, he had better make up his mind to suffer like a man—that nobleness consists in hiding the smart which no balm can cure; here is a physician at hand, who raises the sufferer from the earth, binds up his wounds, and tells him that there is a spell which cannot, indeed, avert the arrows of calamity, but which can render the body insensible to them; that there is a clue which can unravel this labyrinth, so hopelessly perplexed to common eyes; that man was made to be happy, and wise, and powerful, in the world, if he will only consent to ask just such happiness, wisdom, and power, as the world is adapted to give. It does not tell him, like Sardanapalus' epitaph, or Pleasure in the old apologue of “Hercules' Choice,” that gaiety, amusement, and sensual satisfactions, are the best business of life, and that it is our wisdom to live what is called a life of enjoyment—

“Eat, drink, and play; the rest's not worth a fillip”—

so palpable a delusion as this the first fit of sickness would dispel. But in Miss Bremer's words, it tells him—

“We are all here in this life subject, in a certain degree, to the power of circumstances; it is partly through their influence that you suffer. But, above these, there stands unshaken an eternal order; to go into this, and to find our place in it, is the problem given to us all, and it is possible to all to solve it. Then nothing more will essentially disturb our liberty and our happiness.”—*The President's Daughters*, p. 112.

Thus the christian view of life, as a state of probation, of suffering, as the appointed means of forming a habit of resig-

nation, is lost sight of. Life becomes an end in itself; happiness is shown to be attainable in it, and with the materials it provides. The world assumes its most specious and alluring garb; Paradise is already restored to man—the reconciliation *has* taken place; he is offered a present security against the rude storms from without, and a vista of perpetual advance in a just and intelligent mastery over the moral elements, is held out to him.

This doctrine, a kind of passive resistance in morals, has made rapid strides, in one form or another, in Protestant Europe. The other doctrine—that of resistance—belongs to the last century: it is too shallow and heartless to suit the depth and subtlety of the new philosophy. Voltaire was its great and successful champion; but one who, like him, sympathising with nothing great and noble, should seek to extract from the enigma of human life nothing but materials for wit and sarcasm, would have but few followers now. When Byron brought the same doctrine forward, his Cain and Manfred offended a better sense in people. The apostle of the non-resistance doctrine, was Goëthe—the greatest mind in modern Europe; and his influence is seen in numbers who never read a line he wrote. He not only inculcated it in his book, but he was the model of it in his life. The self-balanced tranquillity of his comprehensive mind, to which nothing was new or strange, which nothing startled—not from apathy, or inattention, but because all was foreseen and understood, and had its proper place and worth assigned it—a harmonious repose, arising from the variety and quick succession of emotions, none of which are allowed to predominate or continue; all this could not but exercise a great influence on those who came in personal contact with him.

All Miss Bremer's best and highest characters belong to this school. She does not write didactically, for the purpose of inculcating a philosophy; but her general aim is to embody this idea; and she has worked it out with a great variety and flexibility. The three characters, Serena, Adelaide, and Edla, may be considered the types of the different forms it assumes. Serena, whose name is significant, has arrived at this happy state of mind by the usual gradual process of gentle but continued suffering, the effect of which has been counteracted by the solace of affectionate friends.

"The beautiful life of her parents, and their early death, had thrown over the motherless child the mourning weeds, which draw forth so easily the sympathetic tears of good people. Her childhood was one of suffering—a weakness in the hip, which kept her long confined, and cut her off from the pastimes of children, paled her cheeks, and gave to her lips that quiet smile of sadness which yet dwells there at times with all the power of a mysterious enchantment. All this, united to her quiet patience, and the intrinsic amiability of her whole being, captivated all hearts, and won for her the sympathy of all. . . .

"So she grew up and became the flower of the valley. The earnestness of

her spirit, the clearness of her understanding, made her happy : happy with the joy of angels, the pure, animating, self-communicating joy."—*The Neighbours*, vol. i. p. 216.

On the other hand, the light and graceful Adelaide—the most fascinating female character in these volumes—whose face and gait carry harmony and gladness wherever she moves :

" The favoured guest
Of every gay and brilliant throng,"

is one of those happy beings who have received this grace and perfection at birth as the direct gift of Heaven.

" We find people, sometimes, who are freed, in an extraordinary measure, from the constraint of these laws of nature : happy and charming beings, whom friendly powers seem to protect from their birth. Adelaide was one of these beings. When I observed her movements, and her life, I thought involuntarily of the swan. The same light free grace, the same instinctive, ever-effective movements, the same negligent tranquil security, whether she was in motion or at rest. She did everything easily and well ; everything that she undertook succeeded with her, and everything about her was charming, youthfully fresh, and harmonious. She sported and sang herself through life. This led me to think farther what, indeed, is grace itself ; but the ease with which a living being moves in its own world, whose phenomena it rules over and conforms to, not from speculative, but natural, unsought, and unattainable power. Grace is a direct gift from heaven, as well as beauty and genius, and enchants, as these do, merely by revealing itself. Adelaide had received this gift ; and no person, whether high or low, cultivated or uncultivated, could be long in her presence without feeling its power. She exercised a remarkable influence even over animals, sometimes by commanding, sometimes by caressing them."—*The President's Daughters*, p. 74.

The third character we have named is the contrast to these, intended to give them stronger relief, the unhappy Edla, who begins in spleen, disgust, and discontent, but is gradually brought round by a judicious treatment—intellectual entirely, of course—to a peaceful and cheerful temper.

" I watched Edla narrowly, and soon perceived in her a great and deeply-wounded susceptibility. She seemed to feel deeply the impotence of human beings to escape suffering and a sad destiny. She regarded this destiny as her own, and yet was not willing to submit to it. She had looked at the proportions of life with a keen glance ; her eye was diseased, and her heart wounded by reflection upon them, and by the consciousness of her own deficiencies. She regarded these wounds as incurable, and therefore shut them up from the view of every one : her lips never uttered a complaint, a tear was never seen to fall from her eye. Her whole life was a silent, proud, and bitter murmuring. With all this she yet betrayed, at times, real power, deep sensibility, love of truth, and remarkable, but very much neglected, powers of mind."—*Ibid.* p. 79.

This same ideal of character is not only embodied in her leading and favourite personages, but appears in the inferior ones, and is betrayed in many incidental matters.

The common-place character which she so delights in drawing, which she introduces into every one of her stories,—indeed, we suspect Charlotte Beata Everyday to be intended for Miss Bremer herself—though certainly true to nature, has this tendency.

"Ah! I had nearly forgotten the fourth, and most numerous class of women, and with them had excluded myself from the creation. I know not what better to call them than 'the harmless.' We, the members of this fraternity, are spread in great numbers over the whole earth. We are the daily bread of life, and the world would go on very poorly without us. We fill the room, and yet take it away from no one; we neutralize the struggling elements of life, which, were it not for us, would destroy each other. We belong to the 'Not too much, and not too little,' and this our element we seek to spread over the earth. We call enthusiasm madness, and Sappho a fool. We go to church, and the opera, and quarrel with scarcely anything. We take from life just what it chooses to give, and are content; we clean our houses, salt our provisions according to rule; speak as much as is proper of the good and evil of our neighbours, think only as much as is necessary, and depreciate almost everything high and praiseworthy,—in a word, we are called merely 'people,' and we keep the world in equilibrium."—*Ibid.* p. 85.

We say that a fondness for this every-day character shows the tendency we are pointing out. For that resignation to the world, that abandonment to the stream of opinion and action, that doing "as every body else does," and thinking right and proper whatever is thought right and proper by those about us, what is it but the common-place shape of the same disease we have been describing, in its more intellectual form: viz. that our true wisdom is to make ourselves comfortable here, only that this limits its view to our material, while the other extends to our moral nature: it does in a rude, what the other does in a more refined, way; it does from nature, what the other endeavours to do on principle.

To the same prevailing idea in the writer's mind we think may be referred her fondness for quarrel scenes. For jealousies, misunderstandings, and quarrels, are, of all the events of domestic life, those which seem most decidedly to negative the possibility of that harmony and quiescence at which this theory aims. This theory cannot prevent them: the doctrine is not in its nature prohibitory of anything: it takes facts as they are; and disagreements and estrangements between friends are, unfortunately, very common facts; and it is requisite to show how they may be dealt with so as to fall in with, rather than disturb, this admirable order of things. Pure Christianity alone, which forbids their occurrence, is, we need not say, the only complete remedy. But this theory can manage, in its own way, even this seemingly most reluctant element. Thus they are most cleverly exhibited in Miss Bremer, as safety-valves for feelings that might gnaw and rend the heart that harboured them; as thunder-storms that clear the atmosphere; as giving an animation and savour to the insipid routine of life, without rending it rudely asunder. Miss Bremer, whose whole tone is one of the most perfect good humour, is admirable in a quarrel-scene; and from the frequency and variety with which they occur, she apparently knows this secret of her strength. The reconciliations are no less beautiful. We quote part of that

between Colonel H—— and his wife, after a short estrangement caused by an act of severity, but which he believed to be necessary, towards his eldest son.

"Wife, children, kept themselves at a distance; turned their glances away from him; and it was his fault: he had denied their prayers, they were unhappy through him; and in this moment, when his conscience bore him witness that he had been firm in his opinions of what was right, at this moment there arose painful feelings in his heart, that seemed to accuse him of having erred in the application of his principles, and of having thus caused suffering that he might have prevented. He had embittered the life of beings whom it was his duty to make happy. A physical pain, under which he had suffered for a long time, and that was felt most when his soul was most deeply excited,—a weight upon his lungs that made his breathing laborious—came on with unusual power. He was alone: no one to show now a feeling of kindness for him; the thoughts of not a single being hovered above him on the peaceful dove-like wings of prayer . . . :

"The room was desolate. The Colonel laid his hand upon his breast: all was desolate there. A deeply-laboured sigh went forth. In this bitter moment some one approached him with light step, an arm wound itself within his, and he felt a head sink gently upon his shoulders. He did not look down, he asked not; he knew that she was near who so many years had shared his joy and grief. She alone could care for his secret sorrow: she alone would come to him in the still night with consolation and love. Silently he laid his arm round the companion of his life, and pressed her head to his heart, where soon all outward and inner pain was hushed. The two stood there long, and saw the storm pass over the earth and chase the clouds; they spoke not a word in explanation of what had happened: not a word in exculpation. Reconciliation held them in her heavenly arms. Heart throbbing upon heart, they stood there; they were one!"—*The H—— Family*, p. 54.

Let it not be thought that we are going out of our way in bringing this charge against this authoress, that we are attributing to her a meaning she never had, and laying a stress upon light, off-hand sketches of character which they will not justify. We agree with those who are not inclined to rate high the influence of books for good or for evil. And it is not for the effects these novels are likely to produce, even were they more widely read than they are, that we have been at the pains to point out this tendency in them. We look upon them more as a symptom and product of a false doctrine widely spread, than as likely to do much harm in propagating it. We could have selected passages much more directly inculcating it. But we prefer to have shown how it infects the whole tone of thought and description; how every character, and those mostly who are made most of, partake of the same dye.

Nor, again, need we stay to expatiate on the evil nature of this quietist doctrine itself. The temper that resists and quarrels with its lot may be productive of worse results to society; indeed society could hardly go on if it became general; and the very way in which it counteracts and outrages our common feelings, is our best security against it. But the doctrine of non-resistance so falls in with the state of the world,

so exactly conduces to the quiet, orderly, and uninterrupted conduct of Satan's kingdom on earth; nay, so closely simulates the true christian doctrine of Resignation, that it requires to be especially watched. Besides this, it is the prevailing creed of our day. Quietism in religion, conservatism in politics, indifference to creeds, are various shapes of the same thing,—in a word, of Pantheism. For Pantheism is not a speculative doctrine only: like all other theories, it has its application to practice. *Laissez faire* is the practical maxim of the Pantheist.

The Past and Prospective Extension of the Gospel by Missions to the Heathen: considered, in Eight Lectures, delivered before the University of Oxford, in the Year 1843, at the Lecture founded by John Bampton, M.A., Canon of Salisbury. By ANTHONY GRANT, D.C.L., late Fellow of New College, and Vicar of Romford, Essex. London: Rivingtons. Oxford: Parker.

MEN may reasonably differ in the hopes they entertain with regard to the general conversion of the heathen. They may differ again in the relative importance they assign to the duties of propagating the faith abroad, and of strengthening and purifying the Church at home. But surely none, except the cold and indifferent, can acquiesce in the assignment of permanent territorial limits to that universal empire, which claims all nations to itself in right of Him to whom all power is given. Granted, that Europe has but partially yielded to the influence of the sanctifying leaven; granted, that a heathen, and a worse than heathen growth, has risen and is rising in the midst of Christendom, still *every creature* is the inheritance of the Church, and she does not transgress her bounds in striving to conquer abroad as well as at home. It may be, that as Gentiles of old provoked Jews to a holy jealousy, so converts from the heathen may be raised up in our own day, who may move him who is a Christian from his forefathers to emulation. Nor is it unlikely that the consideration of means for the conversion of heathen nations may lead to more energetic and more adequate measures for gathering in the lost sheep that stray by our own doors. Whether the thing needed be a more vigorous and united action of the Rulers of the Church, or a more self-denying and devoted spirit in her Ministry in general, or a more zealous and liberal cooperation of the Laity; whatever it may be, the contemplation of so great a portion of the Church's work must tend to suggest it to the mind; and if, when we have found our means, we must turn with them, in shame and sorrow, to long-neglected labours close at hand, still we shall not have searched in vain.

It would, indeed, be an indirect method to consider one of these subjects merely in order to the other, but such is not the present

case. Christians, and Christians of the British branch of Christ's Church, are daily more and more intermixed with heathen populations; and the question is no more whether the Church shall go amongst the heathen, but whether she shall there exhibit herself in her true character. The home-work may take precedence of the foreign, but cannot wholly supersede it. A living body must feel and act in and for the remoter members, as well as the heart and head. But indeed it may be thought a waste of words to be proving this.*

It will readily be allowed that Dr. Grant has done good service in drawing the attention of others, as well as in devoting a portion of his own labours, to an inquiry into the principles of christian missions. And he has taken an opportunity very suitable to his purpose, in laying the result of his inquiries before an Oxford audience. There, if anywhere, he might calculate on enlisting the wisdom of age, the energy of manhood, and the zeal of youth, in the service of a holy cause; there, if anywhere, he might hope that his words would not produce a mere transient impression, but would be weighed and treasured up, to appear again in the clearer views and more vigorous action of many hearers. There he might hope to meet with minds habituated to contemplating the real life of the past, to feeling its unity with the present and the future, and to realizing its experience.

After contrasting the entire truth of revelation with the various forms of error which embody the mere scattered remains of primeval tradition, and showing that its adaptation to the whole and universal nature of man agrees with its claim to universal reception, he proceeds:—

"Such was its Divine Author's injunction; and this it was which roused the jealousy of its first persecutors. The Church, the new spiritual kingdom which He established, was to 'be fruitful and multiply.' It was to spread into all lands, and gather within its limits all nations, and tribes, and languages. This was the purpose announced before by successive prophecies, and finally enforced in the command which the Son of God, as He quitted this earth, charged upon his disciples, 'Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature.' (Mark xvi. 15.)

"This command, for the accomplishment of which 'the whole creation groaneth,' and the ulterior purposes of God are waiting in expectation, remains still unrepealed, still unfulfilled. Why does it remain so? what is the purpose of God respecting it? what means has He provided for its completion? what part is man to bear in evangelizing the world? what efforts *have been made and are making*, and with what success? what are the causes of failure? what are our duties, our encouragements, and prospects, in the discharge of this pressing obligation, as a branch of Christ's holy Church, and as a nation? These are questions opening a wide field of deep and practical interest, and bringing under review the *past and prospective extension of the Gospel*, and the missionary functions of the Church, as the commissioned converter of the heathen."—Pp. 9, 10.

And he prosecutes the inquiry with the same soberness which marks this his statement of its scope. There is no dream of a new

* Any one, however, who will take the trouble to read Bishop Butler's Sermon at the Anniversary of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, will find himself amply repaid.

and final crisis just at hand, in which we have only to take our easy stand with the enlightened theorist, and see everything go on to our mind. He is not the inventor of a new system of tactics, which is to gain victories *if* practicable, and conquer kingdoms if found to answer. His position is rather that of an active and intelligent officer in an army partially or materially disorganized, who at once bravely maintains his own post, and strives to re-establish communication, as far as in him lies, between the various divisions, venturing, it may be, to offer a word of counsel even to superiors. Himself a laborious parish priest, he has still found time to collect information, and to form practical judgments on that information, which may be of no small use towards directing the energies of those who would undertake or aid more distant enterprises. But his system is ready made, though he may have to call some neglected parts of it to mind; the army has its general orders and regulations of old; so far as his matter is original he points rather to its present position and its present wants.

"There is an entire absence in the New Testament of any ground for supposing, that there will be any supernatural interruption of those laws by which the Church of Christ, and the moral nature of man, are now governed. On the contrary, frequent parables (Mark iv. 26. Matt. xiii. 24) of our Lord lead us to conclude that there will be going on to the end of the world the same conflict of the kingdom of Christ with the powers of evil; the same alternations of advancing and receding light; the same victory and defeat, throughout the period of the mortal struggle that is carrying on, whether on the broad surface of the world by the Church militant, or by the individual Christian on the narrow stage of his own heart. In this sense, 'since the fathers fell asleep, all things continue as they were from the beginning.' The fortunes of the Church may vary, and the work it has to do will certainly advance; yet it will be without any change in those conditions of spiritual being according to which the kingdom of Christ is ordered, and the Gospel has to win its tardy way against the reluctant will of man, and the manifold obstructions of evil.

"And surely by nothing less than such an especial interference of God, amounting to a suspension of His own laws, can we suppose that the universal conversion of the world could be effected,—that every natural heart could be disarmed of its opposition to Christ, the swellings of passion be at once overborne and quelled, the world be stripped of its fascinations, the power of Satan be broken, and scenes of unendangered peace and joy possess the compass of the earth.

"Nor yet, on the other hand, will anything short of this be a worthy and real fulfilment of such prophecies. It would seem derogatory to God's word to suppose that such a doubtful sway of the Gospel as exists at present in Christian countries, though extended over the whole world, could be an adequate realization of that vision which the Holy Ghost revealed to the eyes of His inspired servants. And therefore we are constrained to look to some future period for the completion of this Divine counsel. Then it will be *altogether* fulfilled; *now* it will be but partially. For we need not exclude even a present and partial fulfilment from bearing a part in the predicted scheme. The purpose of God runs through a long period of accomplishment, by a series of events falling at last into its one great consummation. The word of prophecy communicates His design viewed as a whole and as one, from first to last, gathered into one object of sight, the end anticipated in the beginning. And this beginning is dependent on human agency; it may be marred, thwarted, delayed by man's wilfulness, or folly, or neglect, and so the

prophecy will seem but ill to correspond with this its imperfect realization; but 'at the end it shall speak, and not lie; though it tarry, wait for it, because it will surely come, it will not tarry.'—Pp. 20—22.

Times, indeed, are changed, and there are many circumstances in our day that require a different mode of procedure from that which was followed in the earliest ages. But the difference need only be in those things which are changed; if it goes beyond these, there is danger that the work may not turn out to be the same. Dr. Grant is by no means insensible to the necessity of adapting all operations to the existing state of the heathen world, and of the powers which are to act upon it. He has most ably described the ancient and modern relations of the Church to the rest of mankind, and pointed out their altered condition. Still the work to be done is essentially the same as it was from the beginning, and one great characteristic of that work is "*the ordained means for the extension of the Gospel.*" Lecture III. is devoted to this subject, and the elucidation of it is so concise and so well arranged, that it seems unjust to the author to detach any part from its context. But the following passage may perhaps be selected as one that can answer for itself before any reflecting mind.

"These few remarks have been introduced, as offering a presumption, drawn from the analogy of God's general dealings, and from the facts of man's experience, that the Gospel, though spiritual in its nature, would yet be communicated through a certain external and visible system; 1st, for conveying the spiritual blessings which it has to bestow; 2dly, for educating man as a social being; 3dly, for perpetuating and extending the truth.

"If we look for a further corroboration of this presumption, the only instances bearing immediately on the point, from which we can ascertain the will and purpose of God, are to be found in His actual dealings with the fathers of the human race,—with the Church, under the patriarchal and Mosaic dispensations. In both these cases, the revelation was imparted in connexion, at least, with a system: it was committed for its perpetuation not to man as an individual, but as associated according to God's ordinance. In the former, the earliest and divinely-instituted appointment of domestic life was taken, and consecrated as a shrine for preserving and transmitting the treasure of Divine truth: the head of the family was the priest of the Lord, the ruler of His household. In the Mosaic dispensation the association was still further extended, and made to embrace a civil polity; but strictly, as will be allowed, the covenant of God with man was entrusted to a visible society; within it, and as sharing in the privileges conveyed through it, the individual partook of the promised blessings of God, and under it was educated in the knowledge and service of Jehovah. He was not a solitary being, but one of a body, and to him, as such, pertained 'the adoption, and the glory, and the covenants.' (Rom. ix. 4.)

"And, therefore, in all these considerations, we have evident proof of the manner in which God does communicate His gifts to man; and if it be found that in a fresh dispensation the same analogy is observed—that it does not consist of a mere revelation of Divine truth, nor of spiritual gifts imparted immediately to the soul, but of both of these in connexion with a visible institution, and with certain ordinances as signs and vehicles for the perpetuation and conveyance of His gifts—we shall be prepared to recognise such a dispensation as entirely in accordance with the usual dealings of God, and with the actual needs of man."—Pp. 73—75.

A little thought upon the truths stated in the foregoing quotation, is enough to remind us of much that is wanting in our day. If the Church is really to accomplish that which her constitution implies, she must let her light shine before men. Not only must her individual members, each in his own circle, be lights in the world, but she herself must be as a *city* set upon a hill. And as she is visible in all and each of her members, she must aim at being seen in her true character in one and all. Her universal laws and heaven-commissioned powers should so pervade every portion of her collective being, as at once to mark all unholiness as not her own. But we hold too loosely by those joints and bands with which we are knit together in that sacred Body. Our unity, spiritual, moral, and organic, seems to hang by a thread. And though we trust that the inward and vital unity of the spirit is more vigorous than its outward representations appear, still it cannot be denied that even inward graces have their measure, and that many blessed effects may be lost or diminished through our neglect, though the life may yet be whole within us.

We are undisciplined, uncatechised, and insubordinate. Here are causes enough to account for weakness both at home and abroad, and causes, too, which evidently admit of an effort to diminish or remove them. An intelligent and persevering obedience to our existing rules and canons would go far towards a remedy, and would materially strengthen the hands of every one who is employed in endeavouring to extend the limits of the Church. This is a motive that may awaken us to the consideration of such duties, though they ought, in fact, to be urged upon higher grounds, as the indispensable obligations of our Christian state.

But something more is needed than the mere practice of that to which we are bound, if we are to meet the difficulties that come of past neglect, and the misunderstandings of a blind and suspicious age. Essential as the character of unity is to the Christian Church, and necessary as is the subordination of offices, and the exercise of authority within her pale, there will always be men who contend that these points are insisted on for the sake of personal aggrandisement, or for other merely human ends. And these cannot be answered by mere decent lives and moderate efforts, nor indeed by the utmost that can be done for the mere purpose of answering them. Nothing will ever convince all, and nothing will convince even many, short of a self-denying and self-forgetting love, such as is but too rarely seen in our days of multiplied comforts and duties made easy. Nothing that is done for the sake of answering the cry will be a real answer to it. An ambitious man, it may be said, will sacrifice his ease, when he cannot otherwise gratify his ambition; a greedy order will make a show of exertion when their craft is in danger. The true servant of God sees in all this suspicion and calumny, not a danger to himself, but a hindrance to the salvation of his erring brethren. He strives to allay their animosity, and to remove their

mistrust, simply for their own sakes. His first efforts are wondered at, and perchance misunderstood, but in time his true character is seen, and many are drawn to the light.

Such men there are, even in our own times and amongst ourselves. Some are conspicuous, some in obscurity; and, in which of these states they are, it matters but little to them. Still it is not too much to say, that the character of heroic piety is rare in our age, and that few have a distinct idea of it. There has been too much inclination to reduce every stature to a common standard of useful but self-sparing exertion, even under the appearance of demanding the entire devotion of all. It has been represented that ourselves, and all we have, are the right of our Maker and our Redeemer, and that this claim extends to every one of us, and that, consequently, there is one perfect law for all; and then this perfect law has been adapted, in its results, to the infirmity of the weak, till it has been made too tame a thing to occupy the energies of the strong. Loftier minds, again, have taken refuge in the bolder thought of making that a precept for all, which is, in truth, a counsel to those who can receive it. There are those whom a right view of the measures of evangelical obedience, and of their proportioned rewards, might have made worthy labourers in the unity of the Church, but who have become self-sent Missionaries, self-authorized Teachers, and promoters of Schism, chiefly because there was no acknowledged scope for their forward zeal. The same cause, operating in a somewhat different manner, may partly account for symptoms of danger in a different direction. It is not that there *is* no scope for self-devotion, but that the thing is not understood or recognised. There is no public opinion which at once points out to every one the confessor's path. This may be well for our discipline at present, but it is also in part our fault. Were the longing for opportunities of self-sacrifice more general, it would have its channels marked. What is rightly done in such a spirit leaves a trace, and where there are many such traces, there is a marked path. But now it is so much more usual to seek the combination of comfort with usefulness, and worldly advancement with a spiritual calling, that men see with other eyes than they did when it was nobility to be the child of Martyrs.* The man who has no aim on earth but to do the work that shall be assigned him, is pained from day to day with the sound of "preferment," "good livings," chapels that are "good things," "advowsons that are good investment," and the like. And looking abroad for some field unencumbered with such rubbish,† he is likely enough to be checked by the prospect of being fettered by relations to a colonial government, a colonial committee, a House of Assembly

* Thus Vincentius Lirinensis speaks of Origen's parentage. Common. c. xvii.

† One might have thought that *Curates* would be untouched by these evils; but many a zealous deputy is compelled to refrain from daily service, "for fear of hurting the living;" besides that, the whole relation between Priest and people is set on a wrong footing.

abroad, or a self-constituted society at home. Truly, obedience is one of the noblest points of self-denial, and that man is to be honoured who will place himself (so far as conscience will allow) under a rule that he cannot respect, for the sake of doing a good work. But the obedience which many a noble spirit would willingly undertake and heartily fulfil, ay, and longs to embrace, is a very different thing. The direct control of a spiritual superior, deriving his authority in an unbroken line from our Supreme Head, and using that authority in His name, is a blessing that might cheer one in the mines of Siberia. It is a skill above all arts in a Bishop to find this spirit of obedience, which is at hand wherever there are truly Christian hearts. This vital cord once united to him, he is the head of a living body, every limb of which feels with him, and moves rather at his will than at his bidding. Not that he becomes an arbitrary master, although power to do great good implies power to do great evil. A life grounded in the power of the Divine Spirit cannot be vigorous, except it be conformed in action to the Divine will. But who would wish his own will to be so powerful as that he could do anything against the Truth? It is a consoling thought, in exercising a power of high responsibility, that one must be losing power by every effort that has a tendency to evil.

The last age has witnessed a change in the condition of the British Churches which is favourable to the more extended and more vigorous exercise of this sacred authority. Our author gives an extract of some years' standing, which is indeed, happily, out of date. (Appendix, p. 300.) "The Church cannot herself be an instrument in giving light to the world; Parliament may, if it please, make her the instrument." One is almost glad that Parliament has found other things to do. The Colonies and dependencies of Britain—a field large enough for ten times her present Missionary exertions—are, at last, placed under the care of resident Bishops, and the Missionary has now at least his spiritual Father at hand, though he may chance to have some other masters besides. It was a good day for the Church of England when she concurred in and completed the charitable work of her sister toward the Churches in the United States of America. It was a day of love and of peace—a day of energy and power. The British Churches have since then more and more recognised the true origin and character of all spiritual authority, and the essential constitution of every Branch of the Holy Catholic Church. Where Truth has been so much forgotten, it is not recovered at once, it may scarcely be hoped that it should be, nor without occasional mistakes, but, if it is obeyed when seen, its progress is sure.

There is hope now, that the British Colonies, in future ages, will not be such a reproach as they have been to their mother. One great nation has arisen from amongst them almost irremediably, as it seems, destitute of a national faith. Division, indeed, is propagated still; but there is more scope given for the effectual extension of the

Church than in former times, and her branches are at least planted early, so as to take root in the new soil we occupy. But fresh means are needed, and that not only in the new territories, but at home. Long after the first foundation of a Colonial Church, there is still need of men educated amidst the associations of a country whose history is religious. The physical life of a newly-settled district tends strongly to outstrip the moral and spiritual in growth, and a system of ancient and accumulated power often gains by what it spares to supply pressing wants abroad. Thus might it be now with England. Her ancient seats of learning and piety might at once revive their own energies, and win the blessing of posterity and of Heaven, by undertaking to form a class of men fitted to carry the seeds of faith and holiness to distant shores.* The time may come when the College of St. John, in New Zealand, shall rival the parent stock long since planted on the Cam; but, for many years, the longing of the pastors of that Church must be for men from England. Calcutta may be able in time to send forth a body of native Priests, but hitherto the College there has furnished scarcely the proportion of one to many millions of heathen in our Indian possessions. The means of education are more at hand in a long-established country, and the right use of them is the proper contribution of such a country to the welfare of mankind.

The present time is seasonable for such a book as this of Dr. Grant, for the work is now stirring, and every one either has, or will shortly have, the opportunity of aiding it. The Colonial Church Atlas, lately published by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, is an appeal that must powerfully strike every one who gives it a thoughtful glance. The Church has extensive regions laid open to her conquests of love, and it is well that she should look over the records of her ancient victories, and burnish up her long-neglected arms. The wonders of the *Epistolæ Indicæ* cannot be re-enacted where European Christians are known as they are, but solid and extensive progress may be made by steady and adequate exertions.

A sketch of the progress of the Gospel at one important period is worth quoting, and may serve to remind some of us that the blessings we now enjoy are not mere things of course, but the hard-won earnings of men whom we should do well to imitate.

"But at the close of the fourth century a new order of things arose for the Church,—fresh labours and trials, widely different from those in which it had hitherto been engaged. The Roman empire was now shaking and crumbling from its inherent social decay, and from the assaults of the northern tribes, which gathered, like birds of prey, round the dying body. Hitherto the Gospel had contended with civilization, with a popular and systematized

* Much might be done in the present colleges, though it is not to be expected that they should fully supply the needs of a population so vastly increased, and a sphere so widely extended. A new institution, with stricter discipline, and expenses suited to poorer or more self-denying students, is imperatively called for.

religion, with intellect, with well-ordered government; it had made its way passively, by gradually spreading its influence through the mass in which it had been hid to leaven it; for a time, too, it had delayed the breaking up of the Roman polity by the new life it had infused into the hearts of men, and the fresh bonds of union which it had created. But now the Church looked out, and saw lawless force coming down as a flood, threatening to bear away before it all law and civilization, and the very landmarks of social existence,—and it had to arm itself for the conflict. Civilized paganism had fallen before the power of the Christian faith; its philosophy and mythology had been searched and exposed by the burning light of the truth, and had melted away as under some powerful solvent; but now there was altogether a different enemy which the Church had to meet, in an unlettered barbarism; marked by characteristic virtues, indeed, but also by untamed passions; boasting itself in its wild independence, unrestrained by any fixed law or social order, and finding only a stimulant to deeds of lawless enterprise and rapine in the savage idolatry under which the powers of nature were adored. For two centuries, countless hordes were poured forth from the central plains of Asia; one after the other they took up their position in the most fertile countries of Europe, and enclosed within them the Church of God, which, stripped now of the worldly defence by which it had been strengthened in its later conquests over Roman paganism, was thrown upon its inherent vital energy and spiritual resources. Worldly power, indeed, failed to arrest the progress of the impetuous hosts; and it was a new sight for mankind to gaze on, to see the Church of God, armed only by the force of truth and the invisible presence of the Most High, brought into close contact with the savage wildness of human nature. The world seemed fallen back into the days of its infancy; and in such a field it is that we have to watch the progress of the Gospel, softening, humanizing, converting, civilizing. Every form of uncivilized life, of savage habit, of deep-seated prejudice, of victorious insolence, was brought before it, and, by turns, in the course of succeeding ages, was controlled and brought into subjection. By what means this wonderful regeneration, under the combined providence and grace of God, was effected, will be noted in its place.

"At present I would merely note the *direction* in which the Church of Christ enlarged itself. For it is altogether a partial view, to conceive that its expansion was thenceforth stayed. On the contrary, it seems rather to have taken to itself a more vigorous resolve, and to have risen, as if conscious of its power, to invade the dark masses of ignorance and violence that encompassed it. Cheerless, indeed, was the commencement of the seventh century, and gloomy the scene on which the first Gregory closed his eyes; the barbarous hosts still pressing the Roman empire on the north, and the Arabian impostor breaking forth from his sultry sands, as the avenger of the Lord, scattering the flock from field to field, and obliterating the once flourishing churches in the East, and along the African coast. And yet at that very time it was that a spirit of missionary enterprise arose, and chiefly from the North; from the monasteries of Great Britain and Ireland, men went forth glowing with the desire of bringing the Gothic tribes within the fold of Christ. It seems as if a special impulse was imparted to them; for ceaselessly, we are told, in the ear of one of the earliest adventurers, St. Columban, sounded the words of our blessed Saviour, 'If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me.' Along the banks of the Rhine, in the Black Forest, in Bavaria, and Thuringia, the Church extended itself by the labours of men thus devoted; among whom shine the names of Fridolin, St. Gall, Rupert, St. Eustasius, Willibrord, and, above all, St. Boniface, as apostles of the German nations."—Pp. 106—110.

Another remarkable passage does justice to the monastic bodies in their purer state, though it does not fully represent the sterner features of their discipline; it is too spirited and too true to be omitted.

"We are, perhaps, too apt to judge of these institutions by their issue, and by the aspect they wore when, in their decline, they were brought into contact with an increase of knowledge, and under a searching and no friendly inquiry. But it is impossible to overrate the blessed effects, which, under the special guidance of God, they were the means of producing, in keeping alive and diffusing the light of Christian truth, during these ages of ignorance and social disorder. For they presented to the eyes of men the kingdom of Christ, as a visible body and form of society; they exhibited that society held together by a spiritual rule; men's hearts and consciences controlled by an invisible influence, and by faith in an unseen power, which enabled them to overcome themselves, live in obedience and peace, and be active in religious service. They at once asserted and embodied the existence of a spiritual authority apart from, and far above, the reach of temporal power. Within them Christians of more pious and thoughtful hearts sought a home secure from the storms of the world around; mind was brought into contact with mind; all that remained of learning and philosophy found there a sanctuary, and, by being allied to religion, was saved, and became its handmaid in civilizing and converting. The solemn and stated ceremonial, and unceasing round of services, impressed the pagan mind with the reality of unseen things, and formed a powerful contrast with the savage sacrifices offered to those beings whom superstition had invented.

"Besides this, the inmates were not mere solitaries; but the numerous brotherhood found their allotted tasks in the practice of all the arts, the production of manufactures, the education of youth, the copying of the Scriptures, the cultivation of learning, and the active offices of charity. It could not be, too, but that the holy austerity they exhibited, the spirit of obedience, the power of the Christian faith, the blessings of civilized life, should attract the unsettled tribes amongst whom the convents rose, and to whom they became the present dispensers of light, as indeed they contained in germ the civilized advancement of subsequent ages. Within them, moreover, was found an asylum for the oppressed and injured, for orphans, for redeemed slaves, for helpless infirmity. Within them, schools were formed for the instruction of the young, and of the newly converted;—here was nursed the spirit of Christian enterprise, and native missionaries were trained and sent forth, sometimes into the surrounding country, sometimes into distant lands, to bear the knowledge of the Redeemer.—Thus were gathered together all the main instruments for evangelizing a heathen country; hence, under God, tribes were converted, and the kingdom of Christ extended; until what religious men founded in piety, princes afterwards established on worldly policy, for the civilization of their dominions."—Pp. 123—125.

The whole book is not too long for the purpose of giving a brief view of its vast subject; and the reader, if he would enter on the details of the present state and requirements of the work, must be referred to the Lectures and their valuable Appendix of Illustrations. He may be referred to them with the assurance that he will not find many words wasted, for the author has matter enough and to spare, and a mind to arrange and digest it. Minute history is not to be expected, and must still be sought in separate sources of information; but one to whom the study is not already very familiar will find his inquiries much facilitated by perusing such a statement as Dr. Grant's of principles as well as facts. Nos. XV. and XVI. of the Appendix will be interesting to those who love to remember the works of God in old time. Nos. XLIII. and XLIV. show a contrast between ancient and modern practice that is worth observing. In the lectures themselves, the Author is necessarily more directly

occupied with principles. One subject of deep interest to thoughtful minds is thus beautifully touched, at the close of a review of present wants :—

“ Let me revert, in a few words, to the point from which I set out. Nothing has been said on the wide subject of the unity of the whole Church Catholic, the one great want of Christendom; and of this it would be presumptuous to speak. It is, indeed, the condition of the word of God being glorified widely, fully, speedily. As some blessings have for many long years been undoubtedly forfeited through the loss of it; so, on this account also, the exceeding honour of evangelizing the whole world, is, it may be, indefinitely suspended. And for this cause the work of the Church may be, in the same degree, protracted; it may have to go on toiling in broken disorder, doing its task in great trouble, in fear and uncertainty, and reaping its fruit only partially and at intervals. Upon this, however, I venture not to dwell.* Yet as regards the procedures of our branch of the Church within itself, we may direct our desires and endeavours towards the drawing out of those hidden powers which lie folded up within its divine system, and which are inherent in its unity. We cannot, indeed, look around us without seeing a stirring and converging of men's hearts towards this point; we cannot but recognise instinctive strivings after it, though it be in the narrow and really baseless schemes of union by which the want is sought to be supplied. We may accept even these as tokens for good; and yet only the more, in patience and submission, aim at calling forth those living principles of action within the Church, which, directed by its spiritual rulers, as the centre of its energies, may bear with them the sympathies and willing cooperation of the whole body. We may be content to bear for a time the taunt, when we are told that we are possessed of no uniting principle, that we have lost all claim to it, all the semblance of apostolic discipline; that we have no concentrated action, nor uniform system; that our power is frittered away in independent irregular doings, and rival associations; that we neither consolidate at home, nor present a compacted front against the adversary abroad;—we may be content to be still, and, as an omen of the coming day when those who bear us evil will shall be able no longer to use any such proverb, may recur in grateful recollection to the auspicious and moving scene, when, under the shadow of one of its most ancient and hallowed sanctuaries, the Church did consecrate to the pastoral office, and did send forth to our country's most distant dependencies, yea, to earth's utmost limits, five of its chosen children, to be the centres of its visible unity, the viceregents of its rule, the channels of its apostolic gifts and ministrations.†

Yet this is but the earnest of greater doings. And only the more vigorously must we second these efforts, and prepare to meet the call when labourers are demanded for the whitening harvest. These leadings of God's providence are surely only drawing on larger results. They cannot stay. Fresh success will demand fresh sacrifice. And the Church at home, if it is to share in the glorious enterprise, must enter on the field with the Church abroad. Though occupying a securer post, and further removed from the scene of strife, still it is militant; it is only not in the first ranks, it must bear its portion of toil. It must support, counsel, repair losses, encourage, supply the whole armoury of warfare; and this surely must be done systematically, with careful earnestness, as carrying the very will of Christ into effect. For it is not merely in

* For it formed the subject of the admirable Sermon of the Bishop of Salisbury, preached before the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, and published in the Report for 1842. The same topic has been since handled also by a prelate of the American Church, in a Sermon entitled “The Church upon her knees,” by the Bishop of New Jersey.

† On the feast of St. Bartholomew, 1842, the edifying sight was given to the Church, of the five Bishops of Barbados, Gibraltar, Antigua, British Guiana, and Tasmania, being consecrated in Westminster Abbey.

the unity of operation and external system, but in the energetic unity of a sanctified will acting in these, that the strength of the Church resides, before which the enemies of the Lord will give way, and the gainsayers of the Truth be put to silence."—Pp. 258—261.

Hope is the condition of labour, and labour of hope. Mere visions of the future extension of the Gospel may excite for a time; but the slow fulfilment will disappoint the inactive, and the fruitless thought will die away. But those who can feel that they are bringing but one stone now and then, and having set it in its right place, in a building that shall one day be a glorious temple, can steadily contemplate the complete design in the present rude foundations or unfinished piers. Hope may be strong without being sanguine; for it is a law that has never been broken, that a good work has its good result. Only let all private fancies and human predilections be cast off, or but slightly held, for they are the causes of disappointment. If the work is up-hill for a time, the present exertion is the more laborious, but it is the more necessary; if more is suffered and less seen, a more essential work is done for the Church, and more treasure laid up in heaven.

If there be one characteristic of Dr. Grant's Bampton Lectures with which we are especially satisfied, it is the fearless way in which he owns the ill-success attendant upon almost all our modern Missions. And when we say fearless, we do not mean forward and intrusive: we have often observed an unfeeling parade of domestic weakness and incapacity in some writers when speaking of the Church of England. Such is not Dr. Grant's temper: his is rather a chastened sorrow. Yet the fact remains the same; and, as its index, we may mention that we have positively no authorized manual for the instruction of catechumens or new converts, but Bishop Wilson's *Indian Instructed*.* And another want which Missionaries must have felt is that of practical training in the art of disputing. Not only have they never learned to place the doctrines of the Cross in order, that is, according to due analogy and economy, before the pagan people; but when they have brought their message we are afraid that they seldom know how to defend it. When vast systems, such as that of Hindooism, have to be pulled down, we must have something better than vague declamation with which to replace it.

"For a man successfully to address himself to a Brahmin it will not be enough that he be personally pious, and zealous, and filled with a compassionate love of souls: not enough for him to be fluent in speech and versed in Scripture; nor, on the other hand, in addressing the savages of Africa or New Zealand, is it alone needful that he possess quickness of thought, be kind, or prayerful, or apt at instruction."—P. 246.

And so Dr. Grant goes on to instance, as illustrations of these

* A recent writer (Mr. Scott, in his *Appeal*, &c.) says that even this, as published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, is shorn of its very useful and practical preface. What we need is something in the way of St. Augustine's *De Catechizandis Rudibus*: the order and proportion of disclosing the articles of the creed we have been led to deem unimportant.

needs in Anglican Missionaries, philosophical acumen with which to combat the acute and subtle philosophy of the Hindoos (a subject on which the very learned work of Mr. J. B. Morris does the thankworthy office of showing our deep ignorance)—accomplishment in liberal arts, which was the chief secret of the success of the Jesuits in China—practical skill in languages, which was an eminent qualification of the gifted H. Martyn. Indeed, it may be that the very fervour and zeal of many Missionaries—especially the self-sent—to say nothing of the absence of the Church's grace in their ministrations—may have contributed to their failure. Zeal without knowledge is proverbially dangerous: and it is quite remarkable what systematic and well-digested methods of conversion were adopted even in what we term the dark ages, which have been succeeded by that which was not inspired for such a purpose, viz. the Bible without note or comment.

The present author gives in his Appendix a very useful instance of the superior method which we have abandoned.

"The following are instances of the course of instruction adopted by Missionaries, in which it will be observed how the external facts of revealed truth were primarily brought forward.

"The first passage is extracted from Mr. Turner's History of the Anglo-Saxons, vol. ii. pp. 486, 487, 6th edit.

"We have an intimation" (he says) "of the plan of instruction which they (the Missionaries) adopted for the change of the pagan mind, in the following judicious directions of Alcuin for a progressive information:—

"This order should be pursued in teaching mature persons:

"First, They should be instructed in the immortality of the soul; in the future life; in its retribution of good and evil; and in the eternal duration of both conditions.

"Second, They should then be informed for what sins and crimes they will have to suffer with the devil everlasting punishments; and for what good and beneficial deeds they will enjoy unceasing glory with Christ.

"Third, The faith of the Holy Trinity is then to be most diligently taught: and the coming of our Saviour into the world for the salvation of the human race. Afterwards, impress the mystery of His passion; the truth of His resurrection; His future advent to judge all nations; and the resurrection of our bodies.

"Thus prepared and strengthened, the man may be baptized."

"Similar to these topics are those advanced by Boniface, Bishop of Rome, in a letter to Edwin, King of England, A.D. 625, in order to persuade him to embrace the Christian faith. After the first salutation, he proceeds:—

"Supernæ igitur Majestatis clementia, quæ cuncta solo verbo præceptionis suæ condidit et creavit, cœlum videlicet et terram, mare, et omnia quæ in eis sunt, dispositis ordinibus, quibus subsisterent, cœterni Verbi sui consilio, et Sancti Spiritus unitate, dispensans, hominem ad imaginem et similitudinem suam ex limo terræ plasmatum constituit, eique tantam præmii prærogativam indulsit, ut eum cunctis præponeret, atque servato termino præceptionis, æternitatis subsistentiæ præmuniret. Hunc ergo Deum, Patrem, et Filium, et Spiritum Sanctum, quod est individua Trinitas, ab ortu solis usque ad occasum, humanum genus, quippe ut Creatorem omnium atque Factorem suum, salutifera confessione fidei veneratur et colit; cui etiam summitates imperii rerumque potestates submissee sunt, quia ejus dispositione omnium prælatio regnorum conceditur. Ejus ergo bonitatis misericordia totius creaturæ suæ dilatandæ

* Alcuin, Op. p. 1484.

subdi etiam in extremitate terræ positarum gentium corda frigida, Sancti Spiritus fervore in sui quoque agnitione, mirabiliter est dignata succedere.'

"In conclusion, he sums up as follows:—'Accedite ergo ad agnitionem Ejus qui vos creavit, qui in vobis vitæ insufflavit spiritum, qui pro vestra redemptione Filium suum unigenitum misit, ut vos ab originali peccato eriperet, et ereptos de potestate nequitiae diabolicæ celestibus præmiis muneraret. Suscipite verba prædicatorum et Evangelium Dei, quod vobis annunciant; quatenus credentes, sicut sæpius dictum est, in Deum Patrem Omnipotentem et in Jesum Christum ejus Filium, et Spiritum Sanctum, et inseparabilem, Trinitatem, fugatis dæmoniorum sensibus, expulsaque à vobis sollicitatione venenosi et deceptibilis hostis, per aquam et Spiritum Sanctum renati, ei, cui credideritis, in splendore gloriæ sempiternæ cohabitare, ejus opitulante munificentia, valeatis.'—Bedæ, Hist. Eccl. b. ii. c. xi.

"A similar course of instruction is mentioned in Blumhardt, (vol. iv. p. 218, extracted, as it appears, from the Annales de l'Histoire Russe, by Nestor, a monk of the convent of Kiev, who lived 1056—1116,) as that adopted by a Missionary of the Greek Church, who was sent to convert Wladimir, King of Russia, A.D. 987. The points on which he dwelt were 'The creation of the world,—the fall of man,—the deluge,—the elect people of God,—the coming of the Saviour,—the divine doctrine which He left in the world,—the eternal joys of the just,—the eternal misery of the unbelievers.'

"Directions as to the order in which the doctrines of the Christian faith are to be set before catechumens are given, likewise, by Thomas à Jesu (p. 877), and by Francisus à Breno (part ii. p. 464.) Additions to the pure faith are, as was to be expected, found in these latter writers; but it may be worthy of consideration whether similar instructions, as to the order in which the verities of the Christian faith should be brought before the heathen mind, might not be useful to our Missionaries."—App. p. 406—408.

Indeed, we scarcely hesitate to say, that one cultivated and accomplished head of Bishop Middleton's College at Calcutta, would do more in evangelizing India than the ordinary run of missionaries; *i.e.* the siftings of the English Clergy, with which it is to be feared our Colonial Churches were, some years ago, all but entirely, and even now remain partially, inflicted. The root of evil, we are convinced, consists in our not having a college *de propagandâ fide*: and when we mention a college, we desire a missionary foundation on the largest scale. We shall not be misunderstood, as undervaluing in this place the labours of the Society for Propagating the Gospel: none can so painfully realize the deficiencies of such a body, and so practically, as those who are its most active supporters. It is, indeed, quite wonderful how much, and in how good a way, such men as the present secretary contrive to do, and with means the most miserably inadequate, and in spite of influences the most uncheering. One young clergyman employs somewhere, we believe, some portion of his time in rubbing up candidates for orders and missions in the English colonies, under the auspices of the Society for Propagating the Gospel. And this is the whole Missionary seminary of the English Church: for we would gladly, but we are quite unable, seek to include the Islington Institution under our system. The present sad condition, however, of the Church Missionary Society, must shut it out from a Churchman's love alike and respect. But so it is: we procure at least a moiety of our missionaries from this unhappy Institution—our versions of Holy Scripture from the Bible Societies,—and

our manuals of doctrine, from the mutilated medleys of the Christian Knowledge Society "adapters." Is it a wonder, then, that our missions are what they are?—and we own, that to us it seems but of small use to attempt to improve upon our present practice: we must lay the foundations afresh; it is as though we had better never have attempted to convert the heathen, until we could have sent out the Church in all its perfection—its bishops, priests, and deacons; its discipline; its avowed and authorized doctrine (and here we own, that the English Church labours under deficiencies which we scarcely like to face); its revised and enlarged services, with such powers of adaptation as should not only present an antagonistic principle to heathenism, but should, admitting the divinity of all religion, "seek out some common principles of belief, from which the peculiar doctrines of the Christian faith may be evolved, and thus recommended to the acceptance." (p. 266.)

And, perhaps, nothing proves, with a more melancholy emphasis, our deplorable ignorance and defect of the true method of preaching to the heathen than the total absence in our literature of such books as the *Lettres édifiantes*; but, when we have done nothing, we have, of course, nothing to tell. Defoe's Robinson Crusoe, in the second part, is about the only popular book which enters practically into the duty of converting the heathen, though it is significant that a Roman Catholic Clergyman is the chief mover in the matter; and Bishop Berkeley's proposal for founding a missionary college in Bermuda is the solitary memorial alike of our selfishness, and of self-denial and zeal on his part, which stands alone in three centuries assuming to be especially "pure and apostolic." It would be well, in our selection of missionaries, to remember such qualifications as Berkeley, one among the greatest men of any age, with all his fervid energy, thought indispensable.

"It is further proposed to ground them thoroughly in religion and morality, and to give them a good tincture of *other learning*; particularly of eloquence, history, and practical mathematics, to which it may not be improper to add some skill in physic. During the whole course of their education, an eye should be had to their mission; that they should be taught betimes to consider themselves as trained up in that sole view, without any other prospect of provision or employment; that a zeal for religion, and love of their country, should be early and constantly instilled into their minds, by repeated lectures and admonitions; that they should not only be incited by the common topics of religion and nature, but further animated and inflamed by the great examples in past ages."—*Works*, p. 388.

Missionary teaching cannot begin too early; and while we have a large school especially devoted to the orphans of the Clergy, we cannot be said to be without a class of youths whom providential dispensations, by withdrawing them from home comforts, and by early initiation into habits of discipline and denial, seem especially to qualify for the stern duties of Evangelists. Why is not the Clergy Orphan School made, as it were, a nursery for a future College of missions?

1. *Iustorum Semita. Saints and Holydays of the English Calendar. Part II.* London: Burns. Edinburgh: Grant. 1844.
2. *The Life of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. From the Latin of St. Bonaventure; newly translated for the use of Members of the Church of England.* London: Toovey. 1844.
3. *Lives of the English Saints.*—No. 2. *The Family of St. Richard the Saxon.*—No. 3. *St. Augustine of Canterbury, Apostle of the English.* Part I.—No. 4. *Lives of the Hermit Saints.* London: Toovey. 1844.

It is remarkable enough, how, in a course of years, controversies shift their grounds. We scarcely know whether to be hopeful or distressed, that the opposing claims of the two great divisions of the Western Church come to us in a very different form from what we have been trained to expect. Strictly speaking, the direct controversy with Rome we may hardly look to see revived: there are no large stores of theology and polemics upon which to draw; that is, which either side has sufficiently mastered to reproduce. The days of blow for blow—Andrewes and Perron—Laud and Fisher—Bramhall and Smith (Bishop of Chalcedon)—Bellarmine and Hammond—of Twysden, Ferne and Isaac Barrow, have departed: the technical forms which writers, both Anglican and Roman, trained and exercised in disputations and scholastic divinity, wielded with such intellectual mastery we can scarcely expect to see worked in our own time, though, possibly, the recent recurrence to the statutable practice at Oxford may contribute to the increase of a more scientific study of theology. Anyhow, the Canons and the Fathers, we, from our own reading, know very little about; and, from all that we can learn, the foreign schools, save at second-hand, know as little. It is useless to seek reasons for the present state of things. The breaking up of the Spanish universities, the Napoleon wars, the suppression of the Jesuits, on the one side of the channel, and on the other the losses which, in every way, of grace as well as of principle, we suffered by the results of the Rebellion of 1688, will naturally suggest themselves. But more than this; not only in theology, but in other pursuits, we are living under a different cast of mind, and in another mould of thought, from those of our great Fathers. For good or for evil, there is a great subjective influence at work, which seems likely to pervade everything, to which inquiry can attach. It is not so much facts which we seek, as principles, and these rather for our own than for their own sake. Patient analysis, like another Astræa, has departed. Men are as though they had too much to do, and too little time in which to do it, to get more than a rapid, and, therefore, incomplete, generalization of view upon any given subject.

Of course, this change has not been unattended by very serious disadvantages. Incapacity and inactivity of mind pass off, in many quarters, very showily for a dreamy philosophy; and people think themselves justified in deciding controversy rather by temper than by facts. Time was, to take the example which is most in our thoughts, when the great question of schism, and all that depended upon, or contributed to the proof of, it, was the point to be settled between us and Rome: what constituted schism; which side, if either, had incurred it; to what degree and by what acts, if of the Church, or of the state; then the true nature of unity came in; then the historical proof, or disproof, of the supremacy; then the distinction between the Church and court of Rome; then the authority of this or that Council; the points of agreement or difference on specific articles of faith; Patristic interpretation as applied to separate doctrines or texts; the searching *throughout* the whole range of Christian antiquity for authorities, either for or against recent statements, in which a controversialist felt bound, by the terms of the dispute, often to prove a negative, and to appeal to nothing short of the collective testimony of ten centuries. The day of these things has disappeared; we have found a royal road, a pleasanter, an easier, but we are not so sure, a safer, path: one with fewer thorns, but, it may be, many other dangers. And yet we do say, that the controversy which has divided the Western Church is not to be settled by taste, nor by temper, nor by feeling, nor by wishes, nor by regrets in individual minds; but by hard work, hard reading, hard thinking, and a patient weighing of evidence. Converts are making on every side from us (we have never been backward to own it); Rome is growing upon us; but can it be said, by the old strategy? Geraldine takes the place of Bellarmine; the cut of a chasuble is debated by, and has its influence on, those who once would have been wrangling upon the authenticity of a canon. Even the essential notes of the Church Catholic seem to have changed, or to have been remodelled: unity, sanctity, catholicity, and apostolicity, are not so much surrendered as made to bear new senses, and to involve new elements. Sanctity, for example: it is not said, perhaps even it is not suggested, but still the impression is getting abroad that the note of sanctity implies the existence in the Church of such facts as the following:—a perpetual succession of miracles; relics of the saints, attended by the odour of sanctity at death (S. Winibald, p. 110), and incorruptibility of the body itself (*ibid.* p. 111), and a miraculous flow of healing oil or balsam from their bones (S. Walpurga, p. 95), as well as general miracles accompanying such relics; the efficacy of the prayers of the saints in later ages of the Church to work miracles for their own especial benefit and safety (S. Walpurga, p. 82), and the like.

It is not so much that we desire to dispute the fact of the continuance of miracles in the Church: we are rightly reminded

more than once by Mr. Newman that "they are the kind of facts *proper* to ecclesiastical history," (Advertisement, p. iii. to "Lives of S. Richard," &c.) We are not inclined even to deny their possibility—or probability—or, it may be, existence among ourselves: * we are convinced that it is the weakness and scantiness of the general and diffused faith of the Church *alone* which prevents the apostolic gifts being poured out in apostolic profusion: it cannot but be that where faith and holiness are the highest, there miraculous powers admit the least doubt: the Church has power to claim the "signs following." But, with all these admissions, we are not prepared to allow that where these miracles are not matters of visible appeal, there Christ's Church is not. We do not say that the recent legendary (we do not use the word offensively) Lives of the Saints necessarily involve this conclusion: certainly they do not state it: we are not bound to conclude that they imply it: but we deprecate private people, especially the young and ardent of either sex, drawing it for themselves. It is no very unnatural inference from the facts; but it is not a necessary one.

Bramhall (Discourse III. recent edition, vol. ii. p. 25) reminds us of the great difference between a true Church and a perfect Church: indeed the distinction is admitted by Romanists: it is Stapleton's own. Metaphysically, a Church may be true: yet morally imperfect; but where there is the lowest development of the essence of a Church, true sacraments, true creeds, and a true ministry, there, if it be God's providence that we are born, we must remain. Supposing, even—which we only admit for the sake of taking the lowest ground—that another communion has gifts which we have not—and we put this rather as a theory than a fact—we are not at liberty to change our communion on such a ground, if true. *Spartam quam nactus es orna*; if we desire to behold miracles, and this in disregard to *some*, we say not what, especial blessedness attached by our Lord Himself (John xx. 29) to their absence, let us make ourselves holy, obedient, and faithful, and we may have miracles of our own. Anyhow, we are afraid of the tendency towards choosing our own Church and communion according to our own temper. What we most fear is the substitution of a mere subjective fancy,—a cultivation of the affections and tastes apart from the will—a dreaming Church idealism—an optimism, and undeveloped perfectibility in the place of personal duty and obedience and striving.

* When till a period—so recent as that of Queen Anne (and probably later, but we only speak of what we have ourselves seen),—our Service Book contained a form for Touching for the King's Evil: and when our present canons (canon 72, "Ministers not to Exorcise, but by authority,") appoint "the license and direction of the Bishop of the diocese first to be obtained and had under his hand and seal before a minister shall attempt to cast out any devil or devils," it cannot be said that the Church of England denies the continuance of miraculous powers in the Church.

We do not say that the authors of the Lives of the English Saints are unreal; but they may be the unconscious cause of very serious unreality in others: their books are eminently beautiful and instructive: we have so long and so coldly estranged ourselves from the ancient Catholic Church of these countries that we are under the very deepest obligations to them, and to a kindred spirit—the author of *Iustorum Semita*, for the narrations at once animating and subduing of the self-denial, piety, and zeal of those who have gone before us, and have exceeded our age in true holiness far beyond our thoughts and sympathies to ascend. If, then, we question the propriety of suggesting doubts as to the standing of our Church in the minds of the uninformed, which these “Acts,” it may be, cannot, in their present form, be required to remove, we shall not be misunderstood and misrepresented as feeling other than very earnest and cordial concurrence with their general spirit, or than admiration of their literary execution: though occasionally we recognise a studied, and not, unfrequently, a feeble imitation of the *Mores Catholici*, especially in the volume on the family of S. Richard.

One-sided, as they say, such lives cannot but be: we cannot quarrel with a little over-statement and high colouring on the comparative excellence of the religious and ascetic life; in the way of principle we are not ready to refuse credence to the instances of ecclesiastical miracles, though it is other than rationalism and faithlessness, to be certain that as there have been spurious *acta sanctorum*, so there have been fictitious miracles; and, therefore, we might, perhaps, fairly claim in the present series a little more detail in the way of evidence. But, with all this we, perhaps, had a right to look in the series for some such statement as what we venture upon supplying: “Good English reader: you have been brought up in a cold, selfish, and indulgent system, or lack of system: you are now about to accompany us to the ages of higher faith and love: God did not then withdraw His power from the Church: His grace worked mightily among the sons of men: it is not so now: we are in the world’s autumn: *nowhere* are there such fruits as we are about to display: all this degraded state is because the Church is rent, and love has waxed cold; if anywhere high gifts and saintliness reside, they are not such as they once were: the Spirit hides Himself because we are not worthy of His gracious visitings: as for ourselves, if ours is a low and degraded state, it is that in which God has placed us, and in which He has given us the New Birth: a blight is upon *every* branch of the Vine of Christ; even though our own be very scorched and barren, we shall find all Christian lands, in several degrees, but fruitless also: let us, then, by our own lives of prayer and self-denial and contempt of the world, teach others the more excellent way, and then, through mercy, we

may bring back to a divided Church, unity, and to an oppressed and powerless Church the gifts of healing and the power of conversion, which have been withdrawn or withheld from our own days, and for our own sins and weakness."

Instead of which the careless, and, still worse, the unreal reader will take up these books as beautiful romances, and read them as a student would papers on the geology of the moon, as altogether apart from the "human mortals" of the present world: as belonging to another sphere, and another phase of being. Or the warm-hearted may supply or suggest some suppressed premise which immediately connects these glorious things with the chair of S. Peter, and with it alone. This would be a process of mind very illogical, and would be a result which the several biographers and the noble-minded editor may not desire: but it is well that, in some quarter, a protest may be entered. We have no objection to the facts: we deny that connexion, which some will find out. It is not impossible, that when the life of S. Augustine, in many respects the fairest and most interesting of the set, is concluded, we may have something more to say upon this point: in its incomplete state it is premature to anticipate how the Roman supremacy may be treated: there are already, however, indications about the first part in which we can scarcely acquiesce. For example: a primacy of order is not identical with a primacy of jurisdiction; and either may be, and yet not of Divine right. Of course, "some special prerogatives of rank" (S. Augustine, p. 15,) might be yielded, in theory, to Rome—as Laud or Bramhall might teach us,—but the narrative of the conversion and baptism of King Lucius by the interposition of Eleutherius, concludes nothing of a prerogative of "authority." And yet more: the following passage is not only incorrect, but shows a bias which we are called upon to deprecate:

"Eleutherius is related to have sent the necessary instructions for the ordering of the British Church; but to have declined complying with the King's [Lucius] request for a copy of the Roman laws, *on the ground that they had no direct bearing upon Christian institutions.*" (S. Augustine, p. 16.)

Admitting that this epistle is not counterfeit (and considerable doubts attach to it), what was the *assigned* reason that Pope Eleutherius refused to send the Roman law to King Lucius? "That he, Lucius, should choose a law ecclesiastical out of Holy Writ *by the council of his kingdom*; THAT IS PRINCIPALLY BY HIS BISHOPS; 'for,' saith he, 'you are the vicar of Christ in your kingdom.'" (Bramhall, *Just Vindication*, Works, p. 164, vol. i.) Well might Bramhall add, "Serjeant is positive 'as much as we have records the Pope's authority doth appear.' I am as positive 'as much as we have records,' the King's authority doth appear. For if these records be true, Eleutherius left the legislative part to King Lucius and his bishops." (*Schism Guarded*, vol. ii. p. 535.) Most probably the letter of Eleutherius is not authentic after

all: we have no desire to vindicate it; but the present biographer has strangely mis-stated the "ground" of the Pope's refusal.

So, too, of the mission of SS. Germanus and Lupus. The present biographer, (pp. 25, 26,) says, or rather suggests, for there is not a little mistiness about the statement, that Pope S. Celestine was the *original author* of this mission: hence the tacit impression conveyed or implied—or if neither, it will be taken up—of the paramount authority of Rome. Now, only one author, S. Prosper, mentions Celestine's name at all in connexion with the visit of Germanus and Lupus. Bede, Constantius, (and the present biographer elsewhere quotes him) and Matthew of Westminster, to say nothing of such writers as Ussher and Stillingfleet, all prove that the *Gallican Bishops*, without any correspondence with, or command from, Rome, sent their missionaries to assist and advise the British Church against the Pelagians. Baronius tries to reconcile the two accounts, and the present biographer quietly adopts his—of course, the ultra-montane—view: it might not have been out of place to say, that, even if Celestine had sent Germanus and Lupus, such was an act of charity, not of rule; and, as the biographer had already stated, in the case of Eleutherius, that it was very remarkable that "King Lucius resorted to Rome when he might have got advice much nearer, at Lyons, of S. Irenæus" (p. 15); so, with equal justice, it would not have been beyond the truth to produce the testimony of Bede and Constantius (the biographer of Germanus), which goes to prove that the Gallican Church, without any direction or authority from the Pope, had actually done that in the case of Germanus which it is supposed they were not asked to do by King Lucius. We mention these matters, not because they are very important, but because, in the way of implication and suggestion, they indicate an unsatisfactory drift and leaning; and this the more by suppression than assertion.

We have something to say about the life of S. Walpurga: * and we select this particular biography, because Mr. Newman himself says, "that the question will *naturally* suggest itself, whether the miracles recorded in these narratives, *especially those contained in the Life of St. Walpurga*, are to be received as matters of fact." (Advertisement, p. iii.) S. Walpurga, it seems, had six biographers, according to J. Basnage, *viz.* Wolfhart, Adelbold, Medibard, Adelbert, Philip, and the nuns of her own monastery. Peter Steuart is recorded by Gretser, as the editor of the nuns' biography. Mr. Newman does not allude to him, nor to Reginald, the eleventh bishop of Aichstadt, who also wrote S. Walpurga's acts. S. Willibald himself is also said to

* Surely this is the correct etymology: the *Walpurgis-Nacht*, and its unholy revelry, is familiar to those only as slightly acquainted as ourselves with German *diablerie*.

have composed his sister's biography. Gretser, the Jesuit, who is quoted by Mr. Newman as a personal witness of the standing miracle of the oil flowing from S. Walpurga's bones, reprinted, with his own observations, in 1617, Philip's (himself Bishop of Aichstadt, in the fourteenth century,) lives of the family of S. Richard, and of the other patron saints of Aichstadt. This collection—a very curious one—embraces the lives of all the bishops of Aichstadt, and embodies Medibard's metrical account of S. Walpurga's miracles and Abbat Adelbert's narrative, which have been apparently employed, but are never referred to, by the present biographer. We shall make some use of Gretser's book. The rest may be seen in Canisius (vols. iv. and ii.)

S. Walpurga's life is not full of incident; she was born in England; educated at Wimburn Minster; followed her brother to Germany; during the voyage there allayed a tempest by her prayers; founded and presided over a convent at Heidenheim in 752; and died there, 776. During her life, on one occasion, a supernatural light illuminated her cell (p. 88); on another, at her prayers, an expiring child was restored to health (*ibid*). These are the "only miracles which were distinctly reported of her as occurring in her lifetime" (Advertisement, p. v). But her bones were found, at their translation to Aichstadt, A. D. 893, "pure and clean, and moistened with a holy oil, or dew, which no impurity would touch or soil. They immediately cured an epileptic boy, and they emitted an insupportable fragrance," (p. 91), says Wolfhart, himself contemporary with these events, and constant miracles were worked by their agency. Wolfhart, indeed, seems to say, that the miracles attendant upon S. Walpurga's relics commenced immediately after her death.

The dates of her several biographies are as follows:—Medibard appears to have been contemporary with Wolfhart, in the ninth century. Adelbert addressed his life of the Saxon Family to Pope Eugenius III. about 1150. Bishop Philip wrote, as we have seen, 1306. Pole, an Englishman, according to Bale, wrote another life of S. Walpurga, in the fifteenth century, which is not extant. Reginald's biography dates about 1480. Steuart's edition of the Nuns' history* follows this, which is preserved in Canisius, and Rader in 1615, and Gretser about the same time close the list; in which we have not included Mabillon, (*Acta Benedictorum*), nor Stengelius, also a Benedictine; nor recent Hagiologists.

All these authors are not only consecutive, but uniform, in their testimony as to the fact of the miracles worked by S.

* Mr. Newman speaks of the date as unknown: Gretser, (p. 156), says, "Res S. Walpurgis complexus est Philippus. Ex quo, jussione Morialium, confecta est illa epitome, quam non ita quidem publicavit D. Petrus Steuartius, Academiæ Ingolstadtensis Professor et Pro-cancellarius." It was written probably in the fifteenth century, and published in the sixteenth.

Walpurga's relics. Gretser, as quoted by Mr. Newman, speaks of them as still existing when he wrote: "*Videas guttas modò majores, modò minores*" (Advertisement, p. vi.). We have not been able to find this passage, but we have lighted upon another still stronger: "*Oleum ex sacris lipsanis ejus fluit, nec toto anno fluit, sed incipit fluxus a memoria translationis, hoc est, a xii Octobris, usque ad diem obitus, hoc est, ad xxv Februarii: penetrat autem sacer hic liquor per durum saxum: quod miraculi magnitudinem non parum auget.*"* The summary we give in the last biographer's words:—

"But the most remarkable and lasting miracle attesting the holy Walpurga's sanctity, to which allusion has already been made, is that which reckons her among the saints who are called 'Elæophori,' or 'unguentiferous,' becoming almost in a literal sense olive-trees in the courts of God. These are they from whose bones a holy oil or dew distils. That oil of charity and gentle mercy which graced them while alive, and fed in them the flame of universal love in their death, still permeates their bodily remains. Such are said to have been holy Nicholas, Bishop of Myra; Demetrius, Martyr of Thessalonica; John, by surname the Merciful; Lawrence the Martyr; Andrew the Apostle; and Matthew the blessed Evangelist. These all were distinguished by the attribute of mercy, they were men of mercy, of whom it is said that 'they are blessed;' and from their bowels flowed rivers of oil, fed by those dews which fall upon the head, and run down to the beard and skirts of the clothing, the dew of Hermon which falls upon the head of those who love the brethren.

"Of this tender mercy Walpurga's heart was full, even to overflowing, while she lived; and in death, like a healing stream of compassion for mankind's infirmities, it trickled from her bones. It has been already said, that when her remains were translated from Heidenheim they were beheld moist with dew and odoriferous. They were laid in an altar-tomb of marble stone at Aichstadt, and from it, year by year, at certain seasons, a fontanel distilled, flowing more freely at the time of the blessed sacrifice, which, drop by drop, fell into a silver shell placed to receive it. 'You may see,' says the account, 'the drops sometimes larger, sometimes less, like a hazel nut, or of the size of a pea, dropping into the silver bowl from beneath the stone-slab on which they hang. If the oil when carried away any whither is handled irreverently, or in any way disrespectfully treated, it evaporates away; it is therefore kept with great reverence, and stored in a holy place. If the vessel placed to receive it is not placed under it directly, so as to catch it when it falls, the oil hangs in clustered drops, as if in a bunch, like hanging grapes, or honey in a comb, and refuses

* The narrative of these "unguentiferous" relics has given occasion to the semi-classical Latinists of Aichstadt to write verses with a tediousness quite Ovidian. In a copy of hexameters which we have seen, Ceres and Bacchus, Castor and Pollux, S. Winibald and S. Willibald, are not only mingled in grotesque confusion, but S. Walpurga is treated quite in the spirit of the *Metamorphoses*;

— it nullo moritura calore
Vena OLEI, castis Domine nutrita medullis:
Qualis enim Alphæum fugiens Arethusa sequentem,
Sudans, vel lacrymans, vel utroque adpersa fluore
Distillans animam, et rorantibus undique venis
Delicuit tota in fontem, et jam cernitur amnis,
Tota natat, nutritque suas Dea roscida lymphas;
Sic et WALPURGIS, sive illam cœlicus ardor
Et JESU liquefecit amor, sive abditus ignis,
Excoxit, certe nunc immortalibus undis,
In fontem, fontisque animam mutata scaturit."

to run; nor will it fall into the phial except it be perfectly clean. When the state of Aichstadt' (says Philip the Bishop) 'lay under an interdict, the sacred fount ceased. This sentence was passed on account of heavy wrongs done to the bishops by the neighbouring barons and estates. It was stayed until the church regained its rights; and then the bishop, barefoot, and without his full robes, having proclaimed a fast, went up to the church, and with all the people prayed the city might not be deprived of such a benefit: and upon the celebration of the mass the oil flowed abundantly.' According to the same author, it was customary twice in the year, on St. Mark's day and on the Feast of the Translation of St. Walburga, for the priests and clergy in procession, after the office, to taste of the holy oil as a remedy for soul and body; he himself attests to having received a bodily cure from it. Many others are recorded, one an interesting one of later times, when a citizen of Aichstadt, named Müller, recovered by use of it his eyesight, which was nearly gone: he too was a merciful man, for knowing himself the loss, he pitied much the blind, and commanded his wife and children that no blind person be ever suffered to leave his door without an alms.

"The same flow of oil or dew is related of the blessed Catharine, of St. Elizabeth Landgravine of Hesse, of St. Euphemia of Byzantium, of St. Agnes of Tuscany, women whose souls, like that of Walburga, were touched with true compassion; whose bosom, like her's, melted by divine love, was filled with the milk of human kindness, and was full of sympathy with men afflicted: for such is the effect of heavenly grace, that whereas the heart of man is naturally hard and dry, like the parched and stony rock of the arid wilderness, selfish in extreme, and refusing to succour others in their distress and weariness; yet when it is touched by the wand of Moses, that is, by the spear which opened the second Adam's side, a rill of mercy flows forth in tenderness and love, and henceforth it feels as its own all the sorrows of mankind, and while joying with those that joy, it weeps with those that weep."—*S. Richard, &c.* pp. 95—97.

Certainly the documentary evidence seems complete; and the name and sanctity of S. Walpurga are as household words in Germany. We are ashamed to indicate in what way the modern German fictions in their ribald orgies of a Walpurgisnacht have been corrupted from religious sources; as witness the sinful dramas of Goethe and others. But the Witches' Sabbath on the Hartz, is nothing less than a wicked and satanical travestie of the holy labours and quiet homes of the virgin saints of Germany, the companions of S. Boniface. The infamous Magdeburg centuriators, and our equally notorious countryman, John Bale, seem to have disgraced themselves by giving to these calumnies some literary authenticity (see Gretser, p. 294). But it would be a curious inquiry how far the traditions of witches and demons, with their magical incantations and rites, might be traced in various European countries to the holy works, the retired lives, the frequent psalms, and the charitable deeds, as well as to the miracles, of the hermit-dwellers in the desert and the forest, and the secluded religious houses of the Middle Ages. The nocturnal offices of the Church may have originated wild tales of unearthly revelry; the processions of the monks may have given rise to the troops of fabled spirits, careless alike of the tempest and the deep, black night; and the ghostly habits, and silent austere port of the Nun, may have invested her, in

the eyes of a rude peasantry, with the attributes of another world.

We are not prepared to say anything of the credibility to be attached to the miracles effected by S. Walpurga's relics; they must be judged by their own evidence, of which we are incomplete and, perhaps, prejudiced judges. Only we intreat that all such inquiries be pursued in a reverential and candid spirit. We must add one circumstance, which seems to detract somewhat from the evidence. Meierus, as quoted by Gretser, (p. 290, 291), states distinctly that the *bodies* ('corpora') of many saints, including that of S. Walpurga, were removed to Flanders in the year 1009. Gretser argues that this must mean only a *portion* of them: "*nam ut olim Martyrum, ita postea quoque sanctorum confessorum lipsana piè petentibus dividebantur, quò benedictio ad plures pertingeret.*"

Many of the miracles attendant upon S. Walpurga's relics seem of a highly romantic, and almost ludicrous, character. Some such are mentioned by the present biographer, which we give in his own words:—

"In like manner a story was told, and believed, of a little girl whose chief fault was overfondness for play; how that whilst gaily amusing herself with a ball near the monastery, to her great affliction, when she caught it from her companions, she found it stick to her hand as if glued. She ran in grief to pray at the shrine, and was freed from her fright by the ball loosening and coming away.

"The same reproof was thrice repeated to a woman who continued her spinning on festival days,—the distaff clung to her hand; at last, being frightened out of her wilfulness, she was freed from her punishment, and cured of her disobedience at Walpurga's tomb.

"A person who came into the church to pray, thoughtlessly and irreverently kept his rough gauntlets or gloves upon his hands as he joined them in posture of prayer, and he felt them suddenly stript off him and gone; he was much terrified and ashamed of his negligence, and afterwards, as he recounted what had happened to him, they appeared lying before him, restored by a miracle. All these have the character of a gentle mother correcting the idleness and faults of careless and thoughtless children with tenderness."—Pp. 94—5.

This sportive retribution, and half mischievous beneficence, are the characteristics which constantly occur in fairy tales. We do not wish to derive S. Walpurga's legends from the tricky spirits, the "good people" of Mr. Keightley's *Mythology*; but it has not, perhaps, been suspected that these fairy legends may be connected with the traditionary *Acta Sanctorum*. At any rate, the resemblance of temper is too obvious to escape attention. The general cast of fairy tales is highly religious, and full of gentle thoughts and suggestions, at least, when not debased by the pagan traditions of the North, or corrupted by the apostate fictions of Islamism.

We are glad to find the term "story" applied to at least one of these events; where there seems no adequate cause to believe the interposition of Heaven, it is not lack of faith to be backward

with Christian assent,—at least we trust not. As specimens of these legends, we add a selection from the curious metrical acts composed by Medibard, which we have already alluded to. Gretser says, (p. 316), truly enough, “*Verba vilia sunt:*” whether many will agree with his apodosis “*sed quæ sub verbis latent, grandia,*” we do not care to say. Certainly, as the good Jesuit significantly hints, with the Reformation ballads in our memory against

The Pope, that pagan full of pride,

which that worthless scribbler, Flacius Illyricus, thought fit to embalm in his ponderous treasure-house of rubbish, the Magdeburgh Centuries, we cannot afford to be very precise, or to cast many stones. The instance which we shall select is that of the woman alluded to in the above extract from the recent biographer: he has, we think, exercised a laudable discretion in the way of omission:—

“*Quis miretur, quod singula
Faciât miracula,
Singulis super personis,
Cum in unâ fæminâ
Sit pariter operata
Quinque mirabilia?
Mulier quædam caduca,
Præterea et muta,
Venit ejus ad gratiam
Sanitate donatur.
Sed gratias stulta nullas
Agens, reddit ad sua.
Post decem hebdomadarum
Expletum curriculum,
Audiuit per visionem
Monitoris hanc vocem.
‘Cur’ inquit ‘mulier stulta,
Salutis es ingrata?
Surgens Virginis ad domum
Gradu vade concito,
Et completo precamine,
Famulatum debitum
Sponde, tuæ salvatrici,
Et dum vivas, exhibe.’
Surgens venit, opus cœpit,
Domum læta rediit.
Sed aliud quâdam die*

*Operis dum faceret,
Oculus ejus sinister
In genas prosiliit.
Tum peccatis hoc imputans
Recurrit ad Virginem.
Confitetur se errâsse,
Oculus resiliit.
Quod temeritas abstulit
Humilitas reddidit.
Quâdam die, ab hospitâ
Persuasa, ut cerillum
Acciperet, ad purgandum,
Hæsit linum manui.
Ope rursus sanctæ Matris
Manu gaudet libera.
Litaniarum diebus
Nendi opus aggressa,
Sed fusus inhæsit dextræ
Indissolubiliter.
Quæ ad Dominam recurrens
Opem consecuta est.
Sed et ante Paschæ dies
Culcitram [culcitam?] resarciens,
Acu manu infixa.
Virginis suffragium
Fideliter implorando
Evasit periculum.*

—Gretser, pp. 312, 313.

We think also, to evince the tendency of these legendary histories, that Mr. Newman, when he quotes (advertisement, p. vi.) Bishop Philip’s personal testimony to the efficacy of the oil of S. Walpurga’s relics, should have given the whole passage:

“*Phialam plenam ebibimus, [orantes in hæc verba: B. Walpurgis Virgo, ob reverentiam B. Willibaldi fratris tui dilectissimi, cujus successor indignus sum, ego Philippus peccator; interpella pro me ad Dominum, pro condonatione peccatorum meorum, et ut respirem a gravamine hujus ægritudinis, ad laudem*

Dei Omnipotentis, et intemeratæ matris ejus Virginis Mariæ. Ut quid plura?] eâdem die creticavinus," &c.—*Philippi de Eccl. Eysett. Divis tutelaribus comment.* p. 114.

As illustrative of a principle which we have just adverted to, we trust that it is not in ourselves a sign of a temper other than that of believers if we suspend, without strong evidence—we do not say deny—our assent to such miracles as are obviously of a nature almost trifling. It does seem in a degree derogatory to the heavenly dignity of divine interferences to lower them down to the very commonest concerns of our daily life. An instance occurs in a volume (the fourth of the series now before us) containing, not so much lives as legends—we notice the difference with satisfaction—of the Hermit Saints of Britain. We give it in the author's words:

"It was the custom of the monks of the Abbey (of Glastonbury), at the hour of mid-day, to retire alone to their several cells, for private prayer and meditation. This hour was held sacred; and no communication of any sort was permitted among the brethren. Neot, whose cell was nearest to the great gate of the monastery, was disturbed in his devotions by a violent and continued knocking. On repairing to the grating to ascertain the cause, he discovered a person who might not be refused, pressing in haste for admission; he immediately hurried to the door, but, to his confusion and perplexity, he found that, from the smallness of his stature, he was unable to reach the lock. The knocking now became more violent; and Neot, in *despair* of natural means for success, prayed to God for assistance. Immediately, the lock slid gently down the door, until it reached the level of his girdle, and thus he was enabled to open it without further difficulty. This remarkable miracle is said to have been witnessed to by all the brethren; for the lock continued in its place, and the people flocked together from all quarters to see it."—Vol. iv. p. 96.

It will not be disputed, that, in kind, this miracle is quite as important as the passage of the Red Sea, or the sun standing still for Joshua. What, by an unhappy term, are called the laws of nature, are as much suspended in the one case as in the others. Indeed, it would be difficult to assign degrees to miracles at all. But, unless the powers of judgment—surely in some and that a high sense God's gift—are to be annihilated in the consideration of holy things, this consideration only impels the mind suppliantly to ask for some criterion of miraculous agency. We do not argue for a cold, semi-rationalizing, hard, unyielding test, such as that of Douglas or Leslie from whom it seems borrowed. And we are quite aware that we must be very inadequate judges of the relative importance of occasions, on which it might and may please God to interfere for the protection and consolation of His Saints. Nay, if we adopted an inflexible canon of criticism which requires a heathen's

"Nec Deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus,"

such a thought is setting up our own judgment of right, as it were, against God's good pleasure and mercy. It would be that on such grounds we might, *à priori*, exclude our Lord's miracle of

the tribute-money taken from the fish's mouth as lacking dignity. Even to mention such in such a way implies a degree of profaneness which we would fain seek to avoid. But what reply are we to give the scoffer who is prepared to suggest that S. Neot might have used means obviously at hand, such as a chair, to reach the lock—or, again, if he urges that the urgent applicant for admission ought in the difficulty to have been left until the hour of silence and meditation in the abbey was past, when S. Neot might lawfully have summoned one of the brethren to his assistance?

It is not the answer to S. Neot's prayer which causes us distress in this narrative; but rather the previous difficulty about the lawfulness of his, or anybody else's, prayer on such an occasion. Would it be right—and we are convinced that this question must often suggest itself to serious minds—to ask for God's special intervention by miracle, in such minor difficulties as the loss of any article which we prize or value? The case of the prophet restoring the axe which had dropped into the river, will, of course, be cited; but the peculiarity, or to speak more closely, the final cause, if we may so say, of the scriptural miracle, was to evince Elisha's character: such, if at all, in a very minor degree, attaches to the legend of S. Neot. We see on every side the difficulties which attend anything like dogmatizing on such a deep subject; but is a reverent criterion of miracles not to be expected? We own that *we* dare not suggest one: we are most thankful to Mr. Newman (preface to *Fleury*) for showing the unchristian and faithless temper evinced by the common controversial views of miracles: we only ask, and it is with unfeigned disquiet and hesitation, whether, in rejecting them, we are bound to acquiesce in the narrative which we have just quoted? or, if reasonable and yet loyal perplexities are involved in it, what religious end is gained by producing it?

Yet more: the principle of rigorously sifting alleged miracles is certainly adopted in the present practice of the Western Church: a court is solemnly summoned—counter evidence is challenged—a minute, and it may be a painful, process is gone through before canonization is awarded. How far was this course observed in ancient times—in rude countries—and at a period when evidence was worthy of the name? The verdict of the Church is of course satisfactory and conclusive; but was that verdict ever legitimately pronounced? S. Athanasius' testimony to the acts of S. Anthony we should be loth to question; but nothing parallel to this can be produced in the case of S. Neot and his anonymous panegyrists. We are not asking to apply hard historical tests to the lives of the saints: we gladly admit that the *facts* of ecclesiastical history differ generically from those of the annals of the world: but where is faith to end and blindness to begin? Faith ceases to be faith, at least in

some matters—something better, holier, and more christian, it may be, takes its place; but it must receive another name. We question whether it is the same grace which unhesitatingly receives, on the same grounds, and in the same temper, the miracles of Holy Scripture, and those recorded by the Catholic Fathers,—equally with all those of the Bollandist collectors: at least, we should gladly receive a definite statement as to the existence of such a distinction, or otherwise: such, certainly, is but obscurely hinted at in the series now publishing. We cannot, nay, we dare not, read Capgrave and Alban Butler in the same spirit as we receive even Paulinus' life of S. Ambrose: and in saying this we go beyond what some will deem the verge of sobriety. But of this imputation we are careless: it is a truism to say that it is much more healthy to believe too much than too little.

Not that we are forgetful of the very ingenious, and, to some extent, consoling theory, which is put forth in the introduction to S. Neot's Legends, and still more expanded in a previous publication—the preface to S. Bonaventure's Life of Christ. It amounts to this: that rigid and scientific truth is not the end sought in and by such compositions: that they do not pretend to the character of narrations of positive fact: rather that they are poetical and abstract myths, which, so long as they involve a good religious lesson, provided, that is, they serve to vindicate the unearthly and hidden powers of the great spiritual world, and the presence of God with and for his chosen saints: it is beside the question and their object to prove or to disprove this or that event. Farther: it is added that the saints must have worked miracles in *some* way, or that *some* circumstances must have occurred in connexion with certain other facts which are ascertainable: as, for example, during the first thirty years of our Lord's human life, or in the Blessed Virgin's career; and then it is of no consequence what the legendist thinks proper to set down as these miracles or these details, even of the life of our Blessed Saviour, provided only that they serve to increase our faith, or reverence, or love. The collector of S. Neot's legends announces this principle in these terms:—

"Therefore, as the question 'Can these things really be so?' cannot be answered, it is no use to ask it. What we should ask ourselves is, 'Have these things a meaning? Do they teach *us* anything?' If they do, then, as far as we are concerned, it is no matter whether they are true or not, as facts; if they do not, then let them have all the sensible evidence of the events of yesterday, and they are valueless."—P. 81.

And, by way of instances, it is said, and with some truth, that all history, in spite of its pretensions, is, more or less, fictitious—that the colouring of narrative, more or less, changes the nature of facts themselves—that no second person can, however good his intentions may be, accurately state past events

which relate to another; and that as romance is natural to the heart of man, ecclesiastical tradition only follows a recognised law of the mind, when it invests with the words and circumstances of life what never had, or could have, a substantial existence. The analogy of historical and scriptural pictures might, with some force, have been added. [We see that this obvious instance is adduced elsewhere.]

In one of the admissions above quoted, we might be disposed to join issue; it is just because certain narrations do not "teach *us* anything" that we are compelled to hesitate about them; not only to our minds are they not capable of that use which our Church assigns in one of the Articles to the Deutero-canonical Books, but rather the reverse. If they have a meaning, it is a distressing one: if they teach a lesson at all, it is other than a reverent one: it is one akin to intrusive familiarity. To take an instance: in one of the commonest Christmas carols there is a legend of a cherry-tree bowing down to the Holy Virgin, shortly before the birth of our Lord; her inability to pluck the fruit, and her conversation with S. Joseph, are detailed: this story is not wilder and more romantic than many of the inventions of S. Bonaventure, in his life of Christ. We own that *we* can get no good lesson from this; rather it is a lowering of holy associations and sacred thoughts: it seems scarcely less than shocking: it strikes us as being little short of profane. We care, comparatively, less for the acknowledged fact that scoffers will take advantage of such legends; but we do dread very seriously the frightful thoughts which many such familiar stories will suggest to tender and religiously-disposed minds. It was a grave objection to the Jacob Abbott school of writers, that they dispelled the holy and hidden sense of mystery and distance which ought to attach to sacred things; the very same results* may, though much against the intention of their amiable authors, come from the indiscriminate perusal of such books as we are examining. We must never forget, that, in the ages of Faith, the lives of the saints were confined to believers; they were produced only under a vast system of religious associations, and accompanied by the corrective and salutary influence of living interpreters; the whole atmosphere of the daily walk was impregnated and suffused with the Church's breath of life; while now, these, in their way, very sacred narratives, are reproduced

* We trust that this, and one or two other phrases in the present paper, will not lead any to suppose that we are neglectful of the dangers and growth of a Crypto-Sabelianism among us. Few things of faith are so hard to realize as the truth of our Lord's Perfect Humanity; Mr. Oakeley has some very instructive observations on this point (Preface to Bonaventure, pp. xxiv. xxvi.) It is hard to express ourselves in a single sentence; yet the mutual relations of the heresies of Eutyches and Nestorius, may point out that an unhealthy dread of Socinianism may lead to the same miserable result as an unhealthy dread, if such it be, of Tritheism: and either from a loose hold of the complementary nature of the Catholic verities.

at every possible disadvantage—exposed to the careless gaze and rude touch of the profane and the schismatic, as well as of the cold and faithless; they lack their necessary and sanctifying accompaniments: what could be modified, changed, explained, and commented upon by the plastic influence of the Church, now goes forth naked, alone, and unchangeable, in indestructible print and paper. If “there is no proof that the writers intended these stories to be believed at all,” and that “they are only wild and grotesque tales told to the novices by an aged monk at refecton-time,” (S. Helier, p. 11.); now that monks and refecton and novice have, and much to our loss, been removed, we had rather see the monastic house restored before the monastic recreation.

Once more. Granting that the aim of history, especially in its mythico-poetical development, is essentially didactic and dramatic, rather than striving after close narrative of fact in the concrete, (though we think that the present authors have overstated this view) a question remains whether, even with this admission, the same principle applies to sacred things; or, whether again, the nature of history, as we *receive* it, is to be our object when we set about writing it anew. It may be, and it is very true, that the early history of Rome, or the ballad of Chevy Chase, may contain the scantiest possible residuum of facts; but the real question is, if we desire to write the annals of Queen Victoria, or the biography of Dr. Arnold, are we voluntarily, and with a perfect knowledge of what we are setting about, to adopt the mythical guise? Because, if it was right once, it is right now. We desire to convey practical lessons: are we, then, to invent circumstances, and to compose speeches, and to suggest possible or probable events, only to make such lessons more life-like and impressive? Time—the poetical spirit—successive traditions—the absence of monuments—national and praiseworthy feelings, all may account for and justify the fact, that all history *is* anything but history in its strict sense; but does this authorize us in contriving that it should be so, or prove that it must be so, and suggest that it ought to be so? We own that there is a sense in which poetical history is better than true history: Livy teaches better moral lessons than Niebuhr; the Arundel marbles are not to be compared or contrasted with Herodotus or Homer; but truth, severe truth, is a thing so very high and heavenly, that we dare not, rashly and adventurously, to tamper with it.

Besides, it may be questioned, whether the present collectors have made sufficiently distinct, what we are convinced must have been one principle with the ancient Hagiologists. We mean the direct allegorical and typical purpose with which they wrote. We believe, that, in very many instances, they never intended their narratives to be taken for other than written symbols. Thus, the ludicrous, in one sense, interviews of S. Dunstan with Satan—we allude to the legend of the tongs—only seem to have

veiled some personal austerities and discipline of the saint. With such an understanding, and viewing them in this conventional light, we have less hesitation about the mediæval legends: only we should have been better satisfied had this aspect of them been more distinctly acknowledged and intimated. It is barely alluded to; and that as far as we remember only once. If we are told that we are reading practical instruction "in fairy fiction drest," we have no objection: it is the mixture of fact and fable that is so perplexing.

Last of all. It requires some consideration, whether it is altogether safe to state so broadly that such ecclesiastical narratives, as we have been commenting upon, are "designed not so much to relate facts, as to produce a religious impression on the mind of the hearer" (S. Neot, p. 74). Will not some be led to apply this principle to Holy Scripture itself? and should it be said that inspiration makes all the difference; will it not be rejoined that inspiration itself, perhaps, adopted the very same principle? Narratives, it may be said, shall be inspired, and this for the sake of edification; and yet the facts and persons we are not bound to conclude ever did exist. And if thinkers are once led to the impression that the written Word is rather subjective than objective, we own that we could not answer Strauss. We wish to disclaim most fervently the thought of casting the slightest imputation of so horrible a design upon the present writers; and we should be glad, as for others, so for our own sake, to see these difficulties met and removed.

We have more than once mentioned the new translation—and in some sense abbreviated adaptation—of S. Bonaventure's *Life of Christ*. The initials prefixed to the preface announce it as Mr. Oakeley's. To prevent any misconception of the drift of what we have said, we desire to express our almost entire satisfaction with the very able and beautiful defence of the *principle* of meditation, and that written as well as thought, which the editor has prefixed to his version. It is past inquiry, that every body does and must add to the written Word: every picture does it—good sermons do it; and while Milton's two poems remain the most popular books in the English language, it is dealing hard measure to deny to a Catholic, and one reputed a saint by so large a portion of the Western Church, that which, without a murmur, we accord to a heretic and a regicide. And in point of reverence we will own, that the *general* tone of S. Bonaventure is infinitely above that of John Milton: few religious minds can read the *Paradise Lost*, with its dialogues between the Eternal Father and the Only-begotten from everlasting, without a shudder: and let any of us picture the public sensation, *if Milton were now published for the first time*. If, then, we have so long silently acquiesced in the principle, it is only a disheartening sign of the times to find such as Mr. Oakeley compelled to defend it, and, as he seems to feel, at a disadvantage:

if Bonaventure's *method* be carped at, we are constrained to say that such objections will be taken up on mere party grounds. If it be a sin in Bonaventure to add to the letter of Scripture, it is one which he shares with writers of the most opposite school: and we think that so elaborate a defence were scarcely needed. An instance occurs to us which we select, because it is one upon which Mr. Oakeley (p. xiv.) seems to entertain some misgivings, and to which he has attached no parallel from commonly accredited writers of our own communion. Indeed, we think, that Mr. Oakeley might have made out a much stronger case, had he not confined himself to Milton and Jeremy Taylor, as instances of those who have adopted Bonaventure's principle.

The wise men offered gold to our Lord: and, presently afterwards, we read of the Blessed Virgin making the offering of the poorest female at her Purification. Here, then, are two facts: that S. Mary had money at the Adoration, and, (so Scripture clearly intimates) that she retained little or none at the Purification. And now comes in the complement to Scripture: Bonaventure *assumes*, that the offerings of the Magi must have been large, because they "opened their treasures;" and then he goes on to suggest, that the Blessed Virgin might, or rather must, have bestowed it in alms to the poor: the Protestant Bishop Hall, in his *Contemplations*, *assumes* that the offerings must have been small, because S. Mary could only afford "two young pigeons as the sign of her penury." Now, the question is not, whether Cardinal Bonaventure or Bishop Hall is right; and it is quite unimportant to the point, that they are directly opposed as to the largeness or smallness of the offering of the Magi; in the way of principle, they are obviously quite at one, *i. e.* in attempting to reconcile and harmonize Scripture by additions of their own; in dogmatizing and presuming, *i. e.* as men say, further than they are warranted in doing by the mere text. And it is so obvious, that poets and painters do this as their principle, that we are not disposed to waste our time in defending what universal consent has adequately established.

The question, then, is not so much one of principle as of degree: not whether the embodiment in narrative of what is not strictly warranted by Scripture is allowable, and may be used for devotional purposes; *this*, as we have said, has been long settled: but whether Bonaventure's supplementary speculations, and meditations, and suggestions are in themselves of a safe and edifying kind; in other words, whether they are in harmony with the analogy of faith: whether they do not imply modes of veneration for the holy Mother of God—to come to the point—which Catholic consent does not justify, but rather condemns. And we do own our very serious apprehensions on this score. We cannot forget the Psalter and Litany of Bonaventure; and, though we do not say that the present work, *i. e.* in its

present state, is as dangerous as such liturgical compositions used in, and accredited by, the Church of Rome, we do think that it errs in excess on this point: and this, rather in general tone than in direct statements; though we might, and propose to, select some of these which are, at least to such teaching as we have received, exceptionable. To the term "Our Lady," the most precise Anglican can make no exception, while it occurs, as it does, in the Kalendar of his own Church: yet the somewhat ostentatious use of it, and that in passages, as in p. 13, where the old translation, from which this is modelled, retains the simpler—"the blessed Virgin,"—indicates a temper which scarcely seeks to avoid needless offence and distress.

We own that very considerable retrenchments and omissions have been made in the present edition, and this, of course, for the amiable purpose of avoiding such offence. For example: Bonaventure's first two chapters find no place in the present edition: and very properly; for to attribute the actual timing of the work of redemption to the prayers of the Angelic Hosts, must seem to many, very profane; and the life of the Blessed Virgin and her seven petitions to God, which form the second chapter of the original, pretend to no higher foundation than a "credible revelation to one of her devout votaries;" so, also, in the third chapter, we are glad to find the alleged words of Almighty God to Gabriel also omitted: they are to us very painful indeed; but as we are not called upon to distress others, we forbear to quote them from the original work.

But this retrenchment has given rise, in Mr. Oakeley's edition, to two or three inconsistencies: he has not expunged certain expressions which are as unmeaning, without the previous explanation of the two absent chapters, as in themselves apparently dangerous and certainly doubtful. Speaking of the Annunciation, the present edition has—

"Her (the Blessed Virgin's) disturbance, however, proceeded not from any guilty confusion within her; nor could it be occasioned by the sight of the angel, for to such sights she was well accustomed."—*Life of Christ*, p. 10.

Which seems a statement over bold, if not reckless; but it is quite consistent with the second chapter of the original. Adopting the legend of (the so-called) S. Jerome, Bonaventure informs us that the Blessed Virgin was "always attended by an angel who served her food to her, was seen *daily* conversing with her, and obeyed her, as a beloved sister or mother." We do not choose to use our own words about this legendary life attributed to S. Jerome, except to say that it is spurious; and that Bishop Montague (and Mr. Oakeley, we are convinced, will not accuse him of an over-Protestant bias,) speaks thus of it:—

"There is extant in the 9. tome of Hierome's works, a foolish and ridiculous, but an impious Treatise; the inscription is 'An Epistle of Hierome unto

Chromatius and Heliodorus, two Bishops, about the nativity of our Saviour.' This foolish lewd forgery hath often been branded deservedly by many learned men, famous in the Roman Schooles: *Melchior Canus* stileth it, *Fabulam insulsam æque ac barbaram*, (Loc. Comm. lib. ii. cap. 6.) *Molahnus* cap. 22. *de picturis* saith that 'All men of learning & understanding doe confesse it to bee a meere *fabulous* thing unworthy to carry Hierome's name.' *Sixtus Senensis*, a man of infinite reading, and withall, which seldom happens so, of exact and accurate judgement, affirmeth it a fiction of the Valentinian and Gnostick hereticks. Cardinall *Bellarmino*, as a Jesuite, saith nothing of it; but Cardinall *Baronius* payes it home, as one who had not discretion enough to avoid most apparent, palpable, grosse leasings; *Scriptio illa quæ hactenus Hieronymi nomine ad Chromatium et Heliodorum scripta, vulgata est, non tantum cum Hieronymi non esse dixerimus, sed authoris plane ut ignoti, sic prorsus imperiti; qui in eâ audendâ et conscribendâ, non novit aperta vitare mendacia.*"—*Acts and Monuments of the Church before Christ incarnate*, p. 509.

And elsewhere, the same Bishop Montague speaks of

"that *fabulous Author*, who, under St. Hierome's name, writes to Chromatius and Heliodorus, *de nativitate Mariæ*—*Impudent blasphemous Impostor* as hee was, thus to babble—This *Impostor* (most probably Seleucus the *Manichee*)—Such senseless contradicting stupidities be to bee found in hereticall impostures; and yet *this fellow*," &c.—*Ibid.* pp. 523, 524.

We may as well add, that Theophylact, S. Athanasius, and Euthymius all seem to agree that it was the *angel's* appearance which disturbed the Blessed Virgin. But since it is not improbable that S. Ambrose's statement may seem doubtful, we give a passage from the *De Virginibus*, lib. ii. cap. 2. 10, 11.

"Quin etiam tum sibi minus sola videbatur, cum sola esset. Nam quemadmodum sola, cui tot libri adessent; tot Archangeli, tot Prophetæ? Denique et Gabriel eam, ubi revisere solebat, invenit: et Angelum Maria quasi viri specie mota trepidavit, quasi non incognitum auditio nomine recognovit. Ita peregrinata est in viro, quæ non peregrinata est in Angelo: ut agnoscas aures religiosas, oculos verecundos."

Maldonatus (*in loco*) attempts to prove from this passage, that the opinion "*vulgi piæque plebis*," that the Virgin was accustomed to the visits of angels, is supported by S. Ambrose. But what does the passage amount to? not that the Blessed Virgin ever saw an angel before; but that the vision of an angel was not so alarming to her as that of a man. She knew the angel as she did the "archangels and prophets," by a spiritual and intuitive familiarity: and to say that the angel had visited her before, "*ubi revisere solebat*," is not to say that she had been "accustomed to the angel's visits." Angels, we trust, visit our churches and minister to us; but we cannot, therefore, say that we are "accustomed" to their gracious ministrations, or are conscious of them.

In the next page we find this passage:

"She, therefore, inquired of the Angel the manner of the Conception. *How shall this be, seeing I know not a man?* 'I have dedicated myself to my Lord by a vow of perpetual virginity.'"—*Life of Christ*, p. 11.

These legends about the Blessed Virgin and her vow of chastity may be found in Castro's *Deiparæ Historia*, the contents of which our Bishop Montague thus divides:

"Some of these legends are probable and may be so, [and he instances as probable, that the Blessed Virgin was, as a first-born, presented in the Temple, and that she served there as Samuel did], others be meer *hereticall fictions*; as of her espousall by the priests with lot, of her virginity vowed before her marriage."—*Acts and Monuments*, p. 542.

And the same author stigmatizes the story attributed to the Pseudo-Euodius that "the Blessed Virgin lived eleven years in the Sanctuary, or most Holy Place," in these severe terms:—

"It never was issue of any of the children of light, but was the mis-begotten and mis-born changeling of an *hereticall* father, and is of *no credit* alone," &c. —*Ibid.* p. 535.

We think, therefore, and we desire to speak with all gentleness, that when theologians so eminent, both of our own and of the Roman communion, have rejected with such palpable indignation these legendary histories—so far as to class them with the blasphemous *Prot-evangelium* of the Pseudo-S. James and the Gnostic fictions—a little more caution, when the duty of suppression has, in other instances, been admitted, might fairly be required of the present editor. We do not choose to go into the question of the Blessed Virgin's and S. Joseph's *alleged* great poverty, except to enter a quiet protest against the infallibility of the inference to this effect from the scriptural fact of the Nativity taking place at an inn. A very important question connected with the genealogies seems dependent upon the probability of S. Mary being an heiress: but we conclude by expressing—and it is, of course, but a personal opinion—our dissent from the desirableness of presenting to the common run of English readers a certain narrative "received by Bonaventure from a devout and holy man of an order, and believed to have been supernaturally imparted," relating to the details of the Nativity. Not knowing into whose hands this paper may fall, we content ourselves with referring to pp. 23, 24 of Mr. Oakeley's publication.

We have not, we trust, spoken either harshly or captiously of the writers whom we have been reviewing: but if there be one imputation which we desire to avoid, it is that of speaking or thinking with anything like intentional disrespect or irreverence of the saints of God, and more especially of the Ever-Blessed Virgin. We know not how far to go; we, at least, are content to believe that any degree of admiration may be paid to the Holy Mother of God save that of Divine honours: and, as we have more than once quoted Bishop Montague, we desire to put it upon record that the Church of England has not yet repudiated such glowing language as this. As the passage is but little known, its length may be excused by its importance.

" Which Blessed above women, though shee were not such as some have vainly made her, advancing her above all degree of humane composibility, as to be conceived without any guilt of originall sinne; yet much more doubtlesse doth belong unto her, the Mother of God, than some lewd, profane, and impious tongues and pens can afford her. *Virgo Mater, quâ majorem Deus facere non potest: majorem mundum potest facere Deus: majorem autem matrem quam Matrem Dei, non potest facere Deus: God cannot create a greater creature than a Virgin Mother. God can make a larger world; but a greater mother than the Mother of God Hee cannot make.* This was her paramount stile above all stiles and titles of greatnesse to be the Mother of God. No greater name can bee given in heaven or earth to a meere creature, than this: why might shee not then, having grace of excellency conferred upon her, without any prejudice to any course or dispensation of God, have imparted unto her, in her conception and birth, any grace whereof any creature is or can be capable in this world, or ever was or can be capable of? And so far that speech of *Baronius* is true: 'Who can imagine that God would bestow more upon His servants than upon His Mother?' Stiled she was at the salutation by the angel *Gabriel*, *κεχαρισμένη*: whether *Gratis dilecta*, or *Gratiosa facta*, or *Gratificata*, or, which is the more ancient, generall, and, indeed, true intention of the phrase, *Gratiâ plena*, full of grace. Certainly, then, full shee was of, and replenished with, grace, not onely respectively of Him with whom shee was conceived, Hee being the true grace of God, who maketh all gracious and replenisheth all with grace, in every sort, sufficiently, as being the fountaine of all grace and goodnesse, out of whose superabundance all receive what they have, grace for grace; but also principally and primarily, respecting herselfe, and the great things, as shee calls them, which Hee who is Mighty, and Holy is His Name, had done for her. It is true, as I said, shee was full of grace, being that woman prophesied of, who had enclosed a Man; that is, having conceived our Saviour at the instant of His creation in her wombe; a man, as *Ambrose* and *Chrysostome* doe apply it. But this truth could not be intended then, because when the Angel used those words to her, 'Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee,' shee had not given, as yet, her consent, nor conceived Him in her wombe; so that, then, as yet, a woman had not enclosed a Man. Full of grace shee was, respecting those gifts of God's Holy Spirit, and those eminent endowments, which being in her, did adorne her in the sight of God. . . . Thirdly, there is fulnesse [of grace] of Prerogative, which is the appropriated portion of the Blessed Virgin—her due Prerogatives are peculiar, are incommunicable; not of themselves, for what any creature is capable of, another creature may receive, if God would, as Hee will not impart them to any else. But *Gratia capitis* Christ's endowment is not for any creature; nor men nor Angels can receive it. . . . Without all doubt, God did greater things for her than for any other; in making choice of her to be the Mother of God, Hee gave her a prerogative above men and Angels. But yet the Cardinal [*Baronius*] for all this overlasheth. . . . Concerning actual, or life-sinne, whether shee ever committed any breach of any of God's commandments; it cannot be denied, but antiquity, out of reverend respect and awfull regard unto the dignity and person of our Saviour, have bestowed upon her that priviledge beyond and above all the sons and daughters of men, that shee did not commit any grosse or deadly sinne, but by special dispensation was preserved pure and immaculate from all such, at least after the conception of our Saviour. . . . Respecting that peculiar office and honour shee was appointed unto, to be the Mother of that Holy One of God, it hath probably and piously been held, that if not before, yet after shee had conceived the Saviour of the world, in whom was no sinne, shee was freed from actual grosse or deadly sinne, not committing any thing against the Law. . . . So doth *Anselme* determine the manner and reason of it, *De excellentiâ Virginis*, cap. 3. *No man doubts but her most chaste body and most sanctified soule, was by uncessant and continued protection of assistant angels, preserved thoroughly untainted of any spot of sinne, as being that chamber in which the Lord of themselves, and Creator of all*

things, God, was corporally to inhabite and abide, by and in whom hee would assume man by his unalterable operation, into the union of his owne person. This is all that is warranted to bee the tenet of Roman Schools by the Councell of Trent; and therefore it is not against piety to say with Castrio here, *Hoc uno, gratia Virginis Adæ gratiam, et Angelorum adhuc viatorum, superabat: quòd hæc vim illis conferebat, ne possent peccare si vellent; at gratia Virgini data est, ne posset velle peccare. Ita, quod Christus habuit a naturâ, Virgo, Ipsius Mater, ex Ejus habuit gratiâ singulari*: which speciall, singular priviledge is no prejudice to faith."—*Montague: Acts and Monuments*, pp. 527—534.

"Concerning that most blessed above women, *there is no Christian but doth constantly beleieve and professe, that shee lived and died a most pure, immaculate Virgin.*"—*Ibid.* p. 543.

The Poetical Works of Thomas Campbell. Illustrated by Twenty Vignettes, from Designs by Turner, and Thirty-seven Woodcuts, from Designs by Harvey. London: Moxon. 1843.

ANOTHER of the poetical brotherhood which adorned the close of the last and the beginning of the present century has just been removed from us. Of all that goodly company but three now remain—Wordsworth, Moore, and Rogers: most dissimilar men, but who must, notwithstanding, turn with strange and wistful feelings to the thought of each other, left, as each is now, without those great fellow-travellers on life's journey with whom his name and the exercise of his powers have been so much associated. He who has just departed from us was, though by no means the foremost, a most conspicuous member of that bright band; less canvassed and discussed, perhaps, of late years, than some of his poetical brethren, just because the exceeding beauty of much of his poetry is felt to be beyond all question. This being the case, it may seem rather superfluous to make him the subject of an article; but we own to loving an occasion, when such presents itself, of pausing on a true poet, and contemplating his poetry; and though we once saw some criticism on our labours in this way, in which the disparaging epithet "lengthy" was applied to them, we are not going to be thereby deterred from pursuing them, at such times and to such "length" as circumstances and our own humour may suggest. Besides, though Campbell be a poet universally accepted and read, we are not sure that his due station on the slope of Parnassus has been assigned to him; many who allow—what none ever refused—him, a position there, would perhaps fix it near the base; we, on the contrary, place him very high; and think it worth while, at present, to show our reasons for doing so. And further, there is a phenomenon in his literary history from which an important moral is to be drawn.

As the consideration of this latter is the only part of our present task not altogether agreeable, we will betake ourselves to it now, and get it over at once. The phenomenon to which we refer, is the remarkable obscuration of faculties which must have taken place before the author of "*Hohenlinden*" could have written such verses as those on the Battle of Navarino, or as that unutterably humiliating "*Pilgrim of Glencoe*," on which we passed judgment two years ago. Into all the possible causes of that obscuration we will not seek to enter. Some might be suggested on which it were idle, and worse than idle, now, to dwell. It may suffice, perhaps, to say, that when Mr. Colburn placed an indolent man of genius at the head of a very easily-managed Magazine, and gave him a handsome income, he called him off from the life of a poet, and allowed some of the noblest gifts that had been vouchsafed to any man of the age, to be frittered away and dispersed. And the moral we would draw from the melancholy results upon Campbell's poetical powers, is one which never was more needed than in this talent-worshipping time—the moral, that our gifts are not what we fancy them, our own: that as they come from above, so are they bestowed day by day; that, consequently, what we could do at one time may be far beyond our power at another; and a former range and compass of mind and language may give no assurance of our possessing anything similar at present.

This is a humbling truth, but one which it behoves all who feel that they are wielding a power in any way beyond their fellows, seriously to receive and remember. They must not fancy that power their own: they must not believe that they are sure to have it whenever they wish to exercise it. True, in the order of the Giver's dealings, intellectual gifts are continued, for the most part, in the same channels; and true, also, that even our imperfect insight can discern some wise reasons why this should be, on the whole, the case; we can see, for example, that, by certain persons receiving a certain permanent intellectual vocation, the sense of responsibility may be awakened within them. Still, what we call abilities are but gifts, and no more than any other gifts of God are they indefectibly possessed. If misused, if not carefully and humbly and reverently cultivated, they may, perchance, desert those who, at one time, most conspicuously displayed them. He who wrote the noblest battle-ode that is to be found in any modern language, has put forth more imbecile verses than the veriest fool in the country. Let, then, no young poet of our own day, who may be conscious of some God-given power, take to contemplating that power, as an abiding property of himself: it may vanish in the profane and selfish process.

But let us cease to talk of the Campbell who wrote the "*Pilgrim of Glencoe*," and revert to the immortal Campbell whom

all true lovers of poetry must ever love,—the Campbell who wrote “Hohenlinden,” and the “Battle of the Baltic,” and “O’Connor’s Child.” His poetry is always felt to be delightful, though an acquaintance with greater poets, and with better models than he followed in his earlier works, is apt to engender in us a distrust of our own delight. This, however, need not be. We can surrender, as good taste requires us to surrender, the “Pleasures of Hope,” on the ground of its being cast in a bad mould, and full of vicious diction. We can point out, to such as may require the warning, that the form into which Pope threw the heroic couplet, is only available for purposes similar to his; and that when we attempt to make it contain a greater volume of sound, and to utter higher inspirations, it will almost certainly lead us into redundancy and bombast: we can show them how full the poem in question is of those defects,—how frequently unmeaning are some of its lines and passages on which the young are most apt to fasten; and we can denounce, if need be, the Whig rhodomontade with which it is rife; and yet we shall have left a good deal to admire, and to the beauty of which we shall do well in calling attention. In spite of a defective structure, the verse is richly, wonderfully musical: no unimportant circumstance this; for never yet was rich music produced by nonsense verses; never yet did any but a poet produce it. There are couplets in the “Pleasures of Hope” of which the melody is no chance matter, but indicates the most perfect artistic collocation of words and syllables,—the most harmonious adjustment of vowels and consonants: such, for example, as that exquisite one—

“When Jordan hushed his waves, and midnight still
Watched on the holy towers of Zion hill.”

Or that other:—

“And solemn sounds that awe the listening mind
Roll on the azure paths of every wind.”

Nor, as we might show, by copious quotation, are such artistic and original melodies confined to individual couplets, but extend over whole paragraphs and passages of a poem which, moreover, is not read aright except as a boyish production. As such, it has few rivals in the whole catalogue of youthful marvels. We may add, in its favour, that, as with all its author’s best performances, it is characterized by a very pure, amiable spirit.

“Gertrude of Wyoming,” will be generally admitted to be a great improvement on the “Pleasures of Hope.” We have now done with the bad and boyish model; we have bade adieu to bombast and rhodomontade; and a sensitive and delicate genius is seen to put forth its powers, unchecked either by a defective mould, or by the conventional tastes which held sway in the period of his youth and education. That much which is charm-

ing and delightful is the result; that Gertrude of Wyoming is one of the very sweetest poems in the language; and that, in addition to some exquisite home-pictures of love and tenderness, it contains stanzas which are quite magnificent, will be denied, we suppose, by no Englishman of education; however such a person may deplore the feebleness, or the indolence, whichever it was, that strung these beauties so loosely and awkwardly together, and hindered a production full of exquisite and costly materials from exhibiting them in well-proportioned prominence and well-balanced harmony. "The Death-song of the Oneyda Chief," with which the poem concludes, and which is greater than anything else contained in it, comes under another head of Campbell's works—that in which his genius is distinctively put forth and displayed.

"Theodric," as all the world knows, was anything but an improvement on Gertrude; and, indeed, was the first public and conspicuous display of the great deterioration of Mr. Campbell's powers. Yet is it full of sweetness, and will repay any one for an attentive perusal. Of the "Pilgrim of Glencoe," let nothing be said.

It is not, however, to his longer works, that one looks for the true display of Campbell's genius. It was essentially a lyrical one; and in lyrical poetry reigns supreme and unapproachable.

Perhaps there is no more effectual answer to the cant, which is continually talking of the decline of poetry, which, the facts on the other side being allowed to stand by unanswered the while, ingeniously proves that mechanical progress, and a complicated state of society, produce a temperament adverse to it, than the history of lyrical poetry. If any form of the art ought to favour the desponding theory, it is this; for it is one of the earliest, and in its origin, has always been bound up with circumstances which gradually disappear, as society expands and gets more complicated, till the ode, losing its accompanying music, and its public and national character, is simply read in a book. Yet, though thus deprived of that from which it takes its name, and of all the pride, pomp, and pageantry which once ushered in its existence; though, too, it be distinctively the poetry of emotion; and our theorist holds the progress of society to be fatal to all quick feeling and sudden impulse,—how stands the case in fact? Was there ever an age which has produced more and better lyrical poetry than the present, and that of the most intense burning kind? Even prostrate Italy has given birth to an ode (that of Manzoni on the death of Napoleon) which Petrarch—nay, Filicaja might have been proud to own; and where, in the whole compass of poetry, can we find war-songs to compete with those of Campbell? No battle in poetry rivals Hohenlinden; each stanza sounds like a discharge of artillery; and what an exquisite lyrical transition at the end,

from "Wave, Munich, all thy Banners wave, and charge with all thy Chivalry!" to "Few, few shall part where many meet!"

Although the world at large is not always delighted with the best poetry, yet it is never delighted for any length of time with bad. It is often wrong in its non-admirations, but never, or seldom, in its real, hearty, admirations. Apply this test to Campbell; and the question of his poetical merit becomes a tolerably easy one. There can be no mistake about the world's delight in "Hohenlinden," "The Battle of the Baltic," "Ye Mariners of England," "The Death-Song of the Oneyda Chief," and last, and loveliest, perhaps, of all, "O'Connor's Child." Nor is that an illusive pleasure which all unsophisticated people receive from those other and gentler poems, "The Soldier's Dream," "The Rainbow," "Lord Ullin's Daughter," and the like; for they are all "beautiful exceedingly," and take a hold on heart and memory, which is irresistible evidence of their merit.

There is another test, however, the application of which not only establishes Campbell's claims as a poet, but places him high in the brotherhood,—the test of originality. There is no mistaking him. His notes are all his own; they are imitated from no one, and no one can successfully imitate them. His is a class of poems, which, had he never been, we should have gone without; his are cadences, to which, but for him, our ears would have been strangers. The more this is thought on, the truer it will be found concerning him. Compare him, for example, in this respect, with Byron, who, though he had a far stronger voice, was, on the whole, but a mocking bird. Who, for example, could guess, if he did not know it *ab extrâ*, that the Fourth Canto of "Childe Harold" was by the same hand as the First? or where, in the more popular part of his works, has Byron written what we should have been loth to have done without, not merely because of the actual merit, but because of the peculiar tone and character of the composition?

We need not say any more on these well-known productions, nor occupy space by quoting what everybody has by heart. Nor need we speak more than we have done of that obscurity of faculty which Campbell latterly manifested more than any other man of genius of whom we ever heard. But it may be worth while to point out a few instances in which the embers of his beautiful genius flickered up into something of their former vigour and brilliancy, and to exhibit some of those later beauties of his, which, from people's utter despair over him, may be, as yet, less known than they deserve. Here is one, which, ever since we have been acquainted with it, has always been a great favourite of ours.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

"Star that bringest home the bee,
And sett'st the weary labourer free,

If any star send peace, 'tis thou
That send'st it from above,
Appearing when heaven's breath and brow
Are sweet as her's we love.

"Come to the luxuriant skies
While the landscape's odours rise,
While far-off lowing herds are heard,
And songs, when toil is done,
From cottages whose smoke unstirr'd
Curls yellow in the sun.

"Star of Love's soft interviews,
Parted lovers on thee muse;
Their remembrancer in heaven
Of thrilling vows thou art,
Too delicious to be riven
By absence from the heart."

There is rather a laxity of fibre about the following; but they are sweet verses, notwithstanding.

FIELD FLOWERS.

"Ye field-flowers! the gardens eclipse you, tis true;
Yet, wildings of nature, I doat upon you,
For ye waft me to summers of old,
When the earth teem'd around me with faery delight,
And when daisies and buttercups gladden'd my sight,
Like treasures of silver and gold.

"I love you for lulling me back into dreams
Of the blue Highland mountains and echoing streams,
And of birchen glades breathing their balm,
While the deer was seen glancing in sunshine remote,
And the deep mellow crush of the wood-pigeon's note
Made music that sweeten'd the calm.

"Not a pastoral song has a pleasanter tune
Than ye speak to my heart, little wildings of June:
Of old ruinous castles ye tell,
When I thought it delightful your beauties to find,
When the magic of Nature first breath'd on my mind,
And your blossoms were part of her spell.

"E'en now, what affections the violet awakes;
What loved little islands, twice seen in their lakes,
Can the wild water-lily restore;
What landscapes I read in the primrose's looks,
And what pictures of pebbled and minnowy brooks
In the vetches that tangled their shore.

"Earth's cultureless buds, to my heart ye were dear,
Ere the fever of passion, or ague of fear,
Had scath'd my existence's bloom;
Once I welcome you more, in life's passionless stage,
With the visions of youth to revisit my age,
And I wish you to grow on my tomb."

Campbell never, as far as the public knows, wrote blank verse in his youth and prime; but he twice essayed it in his old age; and though he began too late to acquire a mastery over its difficulties, the poems in question are rarely beautiful, and

almost worthy of the spring-tide of his promise. One is an "Address to the Sea from St. Leonard's;" from which we must content ourselves with quoting what follows:—

" With thee beneath my window, pleasant Sea,
I long not to o'erlook earth's fairest glades,
And green savannahs—Earth has not a plain
So boundless or so beautiful as thine;
The eagle's vision cannot take it in :
The lightning's wing, too weak to sweep its space,
Sinks half-way o'er it like a wearied bird :
It is the mirror of the stars, where all
Their hosts within the concave firmament,
Gay marching to the music of the spheres,
Can see themselves at once.

Nor on the stage
Of rural landscape are there lights and shades
Of more harmonious dance and play than thine.
How vividly this moment brightens forth,
Between grey parallel and leaden breadths,
A belt of hues that stripes thee many a league,
Flushed like the rainbow, or the ringdove's neck,
And giving to the glancing sea-bird's wing,
The semblance of a meteor.

Mighty Sea,
Cameleon-like thou changest, but there's love
In all thy change, and constant sympathy
With yonder Sky—thy Mistress ; from her brow
Thou tak'st thy moods, and wear'st her colours on
Thy faithful bosom ; morning's milky white,
Noon's sapphire, or the saffron glow of eve ;
And all thy balmier hours, fair Element,
Have such divine complexion—crisp'd smiles,
Luxuriant heavings, and sweet whisperings,
That little is the wonder Love's own Queen
From thee of old was fabled to have sprung—
Creation's Common ! which no human power
Can parcel or inclose ; the lordliest floods
And cataracts that the tiny hands of man
Can tame, conduct, or bound, are drops of dew
To thee, that could'st subdue the Earth itself,
And brook'st commandment from the Heavens alone
For marshalling thy waves.

* * * *

Old Ocean was
Infinity of ages ere we breathed
Existence—and he will be beautiful
When all the living world that sees him now
Shall roll unconscious dust around the Sun.
Quelling from age to age the vital throb
In human hearts, Death shall not subjugate
The pulse that swells in his stupendous breast,
Or interdict his minstrelsy to sound
In thundering concert with the quiring winds ;
But long as man to Parent Nature owns
Instinctive homage, and in times beyond
The power of thought to reach, bard after bard
Shall sing thy glory, BEATIFIC SEA."

Equally beautiful is a poem of still later date, "The Dead Eagle," which it seems was written at Oran, and of which we here present our readers with a small part.

" Fallen as he is, this king of birds still seems
Like royalty in ruins. Though his eyes
Are shut, that looked undazzled on the Sun,
He was the sultan of the sky, and Earth
Paid tribute to his eyry. It was perched
Higher than human conqueror ever built
His bannered fort. Where Atlas' top looks o'er
Zahara's desert to the Equator's line,
From thence the winged despot marked his prey
Above the encampments of the Bedouins ere
Their watch-fires were extinct, or camels knelt
To take their loads, or horsemen scoured the plain,
And there he dried his feathers in the dawn,
While yet the unawakened world was dark below.

" There's such a charm in natural strength and power,
That human fancy has for ever paid
Poetic homage to the bird of Jove.
Hence 'neath his image Rome arrayed her turms
And cohorts for the conquest of the world.
And figuring his flight the mind is filled
With thoughts that mock the pride of wingless man.
True the carred aeronaut can mount as high ;
But what's the triumph of his volant art ?
A rash intrusion in the realms of air.
His helmless vehicle—a silken toy,
A bubble bursting in the thunder cloud ;
His course has no volition, and he drifts
The massive plaything of the winds. Not such
Was this proud bird : he clove the adverse storm
And cuffed it with his wings. He stopped his flight
As easy as the Arab reigns his steed,
And stood at pleasure 'neath Heaven's zenith like
A lamp suspended from its azure dome.
Whilst underneath him the world's mountains lay
Like mole-hills, and her streams like lucid threads.
Then downward faster than a falling star,
He neared the earth, until his shape distinct
Was blackly shadowed from the sunny ground ;
And deeper terror hushed the wilderness
To hear his nearer whoop. Then up again
He soared and wheeled. There was an air of scorn
In all his movements, whether he threw round
His crested head to look behind him, or
Lay vertical and sportively displayed
The inside whiteness of his wing, declined
In gyres and undulations full of grace,
An object beautifying heaven itself."

The edition of Campbell, which we have placed at the head of our article, contains some "Lines on the departure of Emigrants for New South Wales" so delightful, that we must quote them entirely, without pretending to sympathize in the hopes expressed that New South Wales may have—

" laws from Gothic bondage burst,
And creeds by chartered priesthoods unaccurst ;"

or to determine how our Camdenian brethren at Cambridge will relish Campbell's vaticinations of future Australasian architecture.

" On England's shores I saw a pensive band,
With sails unfurl'd for earth's remotest strand,
Like children parting from a mother, shed
Tears for the home which could not yield them bread.
Grief mark'd each face receding from the view—
'Twas grief to nature, honourably true.
And long poor wanderers o'er ecliptic deep,
The songs that name but home shall make you weep.
Oft shall we fold your flocks by stars above
In that far world, and miss those stars ye love.
Oft, when its tuneless birds scream round forlorn,
Regret the lark that gladdens England's morn ;
And giving England's names to distant scenes,
Lament that earth's extension intervenes.

" But cloud not yet too long, industrious train,
Your solid good with sorrow nursed in vain,
For has the heart no interest yet as bland
As that which binds us to our native land ?
The deep-drawn wish when children crown our hearth,
To hear the cherub chorus of their mirth,
Undamped by dread that want may e'er unhouse,
Or servile misery knit those smiling brows.
The pride to rear an independent shed,
And give the lips we love unborrow'd bread.
To see a world from shadowy forest won,
In youthful beauty wedded to the sun.
To skirt our home with harvests widely sown,
And call the blooming landscape all our own,
Our children's heritage in prospect long.
These are the hopes, high-minded hopes, and strong,
That beckon England's wanderers o'er the brine,
To realms where foreign constellations shine ;
Where streams from undiscovered fountains roll,
And winds shall fan them from th' Antarctic pole.
And what, though doom'd to shores so far apart
From England's home, that ev'n the home-sick heart
Quails, thinking ere that gulf can be recrossed,
How large a space of fitting life is lost ;
Yet there by time their bosoms shall be changed,
And strangers once shall cease to sigh estranged ;
But jocund in the year's long sunshine roam
That yields their sickle twice its harvest home.

" There marking o'er his farm's expanding ring,
New fleeces whiten and new fruits upspring,
The grey-hair'd swain his grand-child sporting round,
Shall walk at eve his little empire's bound.
Emblazed with ruby vintage, ripening corn,
And verdant rampart of acacian thorn,
While, mingling with the scent his pipe exhales,
The orange-grove's and fig-tree's breath prevails ;
Survey with pride beyond a monarch's spoil
His honest arm's own subjugated soil ;

And, summing all the blessings God has given,
Put up his patriarchal prayer to Heaven,
That, when his bones shall here repose in peace,
The scions of his love may still increase,
And o'er a land where life has ample room
In health and plenty innocently bloom.

“ Delightful land ! in wildness e'en benign,
The glorious Past is ours, the Future thine !
As in a cradled Hercules, we trace
The lines of empire in thine infant face.
What nations in thy wide horizon's span
Shall teem on tracts untrodden yet by man !
What spacious cities with their spires shall gleam,
Where now the *panther* (?) laps a lonely stream,
And all but brute or reptile life is dumb !
Land of the free ! thy kingdom is to come,
Of states, with laws from Gothic bondage burst,
And creeds by chartered priesthoods unaccurst :
Of navies, hoisting their emblazoned flags
Where shipless seas now wash unbeaconed crags ;
Of hosts reviewed in dazzling files and squares,
Their pennoned trumpets breathing native airs,—
For minstrels thou shalt have of native fire,
And maids to sing the songs themselves inspire :—
Our very speech, methinks, in after time,
Shall catch the Ionian blandness of thy clime ;
And whilst the light and luxury of thy skies
Give brighter smiles to beauteous Woman's eyes,
The Arts, whose soul is Love, shall all spontaneous rise.

“ Untracked in deserts lies the marble mine,
Undug the ore that midst thy roofs shall shine ;
Unborn the hands,—but born they are to be—
Fair Australasia, that shall give to thee
Proud temple-domes, with galleries winding high,
So vast in space, so just in symmetry,
They widen to the contemplating eye,
With colonnaded aisles in long array,
And windows that enrich the flood of day
O'er tessellated pavements, pictures fair,
And niched statues breathing golden air.
Nor there, whilst all that's seen, bids Fancy swell,
Shall Music's voice refuse to seal the spell ;
But choral hymns shall wake enchantment round,
And organs yield their tempests of sweet sound.

“ Meanwhile, ere Arts triumphant reach their goal,
How blest the years of pastoral life shall roll !
E'en should some wayward hour the settler's mind
Brood sad on scenes for ever left behind,
Yet not a pang that England's name imparts
Shall touch a fibre of his children's hearts ;
Bound to that native land by Nature's bond,
Full little shall their wishes rove beyond
Its mountains blue, and melon-skirted streams,
Since childhood loved, and dreamed of in their dreams—
How many a name to us uncouthly wild,
Shall thrill that region's patriotic child,
And bring as sweet thoughts o'er his bosom's chords
As ought that's named in song to us affords !

Dear shall that river's margin be to him,
Where sportive first he bathed his joyous limb
Or petted birds, still brighter than their bowers,
Or twined his tame young kangaroo with flowers.

"But more magnetic yet to Memory
Shall be the sacred spot, still blooming high,
The bower of love, where first his bosom burned,
And smiling passion saw its smile returned.

"Go forth and prosper, then, emprizing band!
May He who, in the hollow of His hand,
The ocean holds, and rules the whirlwind's sweep,
Assuage its wrath, and guide you on the deep!"

Reader, these were the dregs, the dying embers of a Genius; and if this be so, what must have been that genius in itself, and at its best? And with this question, we reverently draw our curtain over Campbell, and breathe a sigh at the thought of the retreating, well-nigh departed, generation of which he was so bright an ornament.

How can the Church Educate the People? The question considered with reference to the incorporation and endowment of Colleges for the Middle and Lower Classes of Society, in a Letter addressed to the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury. By A MEMBER OF THE NATIONAL SOCIETY. London: Rivingtons. Pp. 131.

THE title of this important and interesting pamphlet will suggest the thought to many persons, that it is rather late in the day to be asking the question which it proposes; late, because the education of the young being part of the Apostolic commission of the Priesthood, the Church may be supposed theoretically to have had the subject before her from the beginning. Late, because six years ago, at least, she did seem to be actually taking up this duty in earnest. It is, therefore, we confess, somewhat disheartening to hear the question still asked, "How *can* the Church educate the people?" for it implies, we fear, that she has not yet done it. And it must be admitted that the implication is too true. Let us begin, then, with referring to some historical events. In the year 1838, National Education became, for the first time, a subject of general interest. Previously to that date, the National Society had laboured diligently indeed, but without much encouragement or sympathy from politicians, save that recently it had shared with the British and Foreign School Society, in a small annual grant of public money, which was first proposed, we believe, by Lord Althorp. In the movement of which we are now going to speak, the Church had the merit of taking a very important part, or, rather, we should say, a good Providence provided that the sacred duty which lay upon her should be forced upon the consideration of her rulers, by a small body of energetic friends, rather than, as more usually has been the case, by enemies and rivals. The measures proposed were both ample in scope and sound in principle; aiming at the training of masters as well as the establishment of schools, and comprehending in

their design the education of that valuable and much-neglected class of the community which lies between the reach of the endowed Grammar and the Parochial School. And in order to secure, as was hoped, the full efficiency of these measures, the movers were anxious to impart to them a Diocesan character. Diocesan Boards of Education were accordingly established, we believe, in every Diocese of England. How comes it, then, that the question is still to be asked, "*How can the Church educate the People?*" The measures proposed in 1838 must be allowed to have been adequate to the end in view; how, then, happens it that the work is not done? Things for a while promised well. Even the opposition of our enemies was mercifully overruled to the strengthening of the Church. The increasing exactions of the then Government led, in the year following, to the refusal of all help from that quarter by Churchmen upon the conditions required, and to the origination of a special fund "to assist those conscientious managers of schools, who, rather than submit to an inspection not derived from, nor connected with, the authorities of the National Church, have been unexpectedly deprived of Government grants." Since that day, Government has passed into the hands of professed allies. How comes it, then,—we repeat the question,—that our friends have still to ask, "*How can the Church educate the People?*" And now let us endeavour to answer the question fully and faithfully.

And first, it must be allowed that some false steps were taken in the working of the proposed plan, the most important of which concerned the establishment of Diocesan Training Schools. There was a want of concert and consideration in this primary branch of education to be conducted through Diocesan Boards. Many Dioceses were left wholly unprovided for; and this, besides rendering the system, as a whole, necessarily incomplete, at once produced an element of dissatisfaction, when the National Society itself opened a Training School, and so undertook to train masters for those Dioceses which would not train them for themselves. The step we believe to have been rendered necessary by the apathy which had even then arisen in the Church; but it was in fact a practical surrender of the Diocesan system. Again, while in some cases Dioceses were left unprovided, in others institutions were established without sufficient consideration as to the means for carrying them on. Not that any Diocese should be without a Training School. The smallest Diocese would require from eight to ten masters annually, and it is only by a Diocesan arrangement, and by the extension of interest in education through its means in all parts of the country, that fit and proper subjects for training can be found out and enlisted. But the sphere of a single Diocese scarcely affords opportunity for equalizing the supply and demand of teachers in each year; and by such multiplication of Training Schools, the expenses are increased beyond what is needful or convenient. It was a sad mistake, then, we conceive, that some understanding was not come to in 1838 and 1839, between the several Dioceses. An opportunity did then exist, through the medium of the Committee of Correspondence and Inquiry, which we hardly know how to look for again till the Bishops have learnt to consider themselves

really charged with the souls of their whole Dioceses ; and not merely as moderators between contending parties and servants of public opinion. But, difficult as it may now be to remedy this first false step, we are of opinion that it must be remedied if we would hope to preserve the Diocesan system alive. If the Bishops will not act together, why should not the Committee, just alluded to, come into existence again, for the purpose of completing what they so successfully began ? York and Ripon have already combined. Chester will shortly, it is hoped, be divided into two Dioceses. The institution at Battersea (of Stanley Grove we shall come presently to speak,) might serve for London and Winchester ; and the other Dioceses may combine in twos and threes, according to their size and other circumstances.

Twelve Training Institutions would supply a sufficiency of masters for the whole of England and Wales. By the best calculation that we are able to make, this number would amount to somewhat less than 400 per annum. In the pamphlet before us, the probable annual demand is rated at 2,000—an exaggeration much to be regretted, as detracting necessarily from the confidence to be reposed in the author's judgment. Our own calculation is formed in this way : we find by inquiry, in several dioceses of average extent, that from eight to ten is the number of trained masters required in the year ; which, reckoning nineteen dioceses, one with another, at ten each, would give a total of 190. Add seven dioceses, at twenty each, and allow about fifty or sixty for new schools, or old ones enlarged, and the result will be 380 or 390. This calculation, which embraces all kinds of schools that might reasonably be expected to require supply from our Training Institutions, may even be confirmed by the statistics of the "Letter" before us. Thus, our author calculates the number of parochial schools to be 12,000, and the annual demand for masters at 4 per cent. But then he forgets, that two-thirds of these schools are, and are likely to be, kept by females, or by masters, the smallness of whose salary presupposes the absence of all preparation for the office. This deduction brings the number to 4,000 ; which, at 4 per cent., will require 160 masters annually. To this, add thirty for work-houses and one hundred for commercial schools ; and allow, as before, sixty for new schools, and we have a total of 340 or 350 ; or, if mistresses are included, of about 1,000 teachers.* By the tables, which the Letter affords, it appears that the average number now trained and sent out in each year, by the Church, including 100 that have only six months' preparation in the adult school maintained by the National Society, in Manchester Buildings, does not exceed 160 ; or, including female teachers, something less than 300. We must, indeed, then confess, that the Church has not yet succeeded in "educating the people ;" nor are the prospects more encouraging for the future.

2. It cannot be concealed, that the managers of the National Society have very largely alienated the confidence of the Church. We mention this in sorrow, and without any desire to attribute evil motives to any one ; but we state it positively, as a fact. Churchmen do feel that the principles for which they contended in 1838 and 1839, have

* The same addition of 700 mistresses must be made to our own calculation.

been in great measure surrendered or filched from them. Whether this be owing to the sheer temptation of getting money *quocunque modo*; or whether any of the parties, who have had the conduct of the Society's affairs, have been over-reached; or whether they have been wanting in courage, or have yielded to the solicitations of great men and the worldly atmospheric influences of the metropolis, we do not care to inquire: but, that such is really the case, Churchmen do very generally feel. The future is viewed with much alarm and apprehension. Already is the whole of the inspection of schools in the hands of the Committee of Council; who, in requiring an engagement that a school, once visited by this inspector, shall continue ever after subject to inspection, intimate, pretty intelligibly, that they intend to make it something more than a dead letter. Already have the Training Schools of Stanley Grove, Chester, and York—the three most flourishing—received the fatal bribe of Government money, in return for which they are each to receive the Inspector of the Privy Council for *two months in the year*; and to be liable to any examination which he may be pleased to appoint. Thus, under the sanction, and at the recommendation of the National Society, has the Church submitted her principal Training Institutions to Government influence. And who can be surprised if Government shall avail itself of this opening, to bribe her best masters into its service; and to sow the seeds of Liberalism and Erastianism in those very institutions which were raised by the money of the Church, and for the express object of opposing the encroachments of the State.

Or, take the case of inspection—the very point on which opposition was made, in 1839, to the claims of the Government—and what is the result? The National Society has surrendered it entirely, and without a struggle, into the hands of the Privy Council. The National Society has now no Inspector; and the only guarantee which the manager of a parish-school has for the soundness of the Government Inspector is, that the Archbishop of Canterbury does not proscribe him—a security which those who know the relation that morally exists between Lambeth and Downing Street, will not value very highly. Are we not justified in saying that a most important principle has here been surrendered by the officials of the National Society,—a principle which they had themselves put prominently forward only five years since? How can conduct so extraordinary be accounted for? Either, we must conclude, there has been committed a direct breach of faith; or else—which we are disposed to believe is the real secret of the case—the operations of the Committee of Correspondence and Inquiry were never honestly incorporated into the acknowledged policy of the Society: the Committee itself was merely tolerated by the permanent officers, and, as opportunity offered, it has been gradually swamped and superseded.

It is still, therefore, we conceive, a subject for consideration, “How the Church can educate the people.” Education is undoubtedly advancing; nor is the Church inactive in the work: but she has abrogated, it appears to us, in great measure, her high peculiar functions, and is condescending, we fear, to act as the creature and tool of the State.

The remedies which we would suggest for this most unsatisfactory condition of things have been already partially anticipated. The Diocesan organization must be rendered effectual by the combination of Dioceses, according to a plan agreed upon by the College of Bishops for the purpose of training masters. Stanley-Grove might then be given up to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, for a Missionary College; and Battersea should be maintained by the united Dioceses of London and Winchester. The National Society would then be enabled to undertake the entire work of inspection, which Dioceses cannot do successfully for themselves. This would be to "educate the people." It would secure an adequate supply of well-trained masters; and it would secure that the cost of such training should be borne in due proportions by all the Dioceses. And, farther, it would prevent the clashing of rival authorities. Whereas, at present, the number of masters in training is quite insufficient, the cost incurred is unfairly proportioned,—Dioceses like London, which have no School of their own, being able to procure masters without any cost from the institutions of the National Society—and the teaching of the Church is in great danger of being undermined and weakened by the *residence* of a Government Inspector in our chief Training Schools, for a considerable period of time in each year; and by repeated inspection (twice in a year) of all schools into which the Committee of Council, by bribe or other means, can once gain admission for their officer. And that the number of such schools is not likely to be small, will appear from the considerations following:

1. The National Society advise all Clergymen who are about to build schools, to apply for aid to the Committee of Council. It was thought, we believe, by many persons, that the object of the "Special Fund" lately raised for the benefit of the Mining and Manufacturing Districts, was to provide a substitute by which Churchmen might continue independent of the corrupting touch of Government money. So far, however, is this from being the case, that the Fund is employed chiefly to put Churchmen in a condition to go before the Privy Council. The bureau of the National Society is just an office for giving letters of introduction to her Majesty's Committee of Privy Council. And everything which the Church has yet done to render herself independent of the State, has been made, it appears to us, through the agency of the National Society, a means of riveting the fetters of the State upon her neck.

2. The said Committee of Council have a design upon the old-endowed schools, which abound so much in all parts of the country. They are to be tempted by a bribe of gold; and, to facilitate this object, the President of the Council has just brought a Bill into Parliament, by which they are to be empowered to over-ride all statutes and wills of founders in the furtherance of this much-coveted object. The Bill enacts that "When the major part of any endowed school for the education of the poor . . . shall apply to the said Committee for aid . . . to rebuild, repair, enlarge, or furnish the school, or school-buildings belonging to such endowment, and shall assent to and subscribe any such terms and conditions as the said Committee shall deem proper to require, previous to their approving of the granting of such aid, such

terms and conditions shall . . . be binding and obligatory upon the Trustees of the said endowment and their successors in the trust . . . as though they had been inserted in the deed of endowment, or in the declaration of the trusts thereof." Here is a bribe for trustees who are anxious to procure the alteration of some one or more of the statutes of an endowed school,—and we know how often a stingy rector and a covetous squire would like to spare their own pockets by turning the endowed school, where perhaps ten children are educated and clothed, into a general parochial-school,—or how a liberal squire might delight to swamp the parson's school, in which the Catechism forms a principal branch of instruction, by making the endowed school *free* to all! Here is a bribe, too, for the master, who would have his premises "enlarged," or his house "furnished." He has only to persuade the trustees—good simple-minded country-gentlemen—just to allow him to receive the charitable aid of this excellent Committee, which he assures them will add years of comfort to his life,—and how can they refuse him? They are all good Conservatives, and it would be madness to suspect evil of Lord Wharncliffe or Sir James Graham!

3. Or, once more, take the point of Inspection. A parish priest, after many years of hard labour in his schools, finds himself still very far from realizing the hopes which he had entertained. The interest both of children and master seems grievously to flag. He has no one to whom he can look for aid or counsel more learned or experienced than himself. His Diocesan sends no one to visit or inspect his school; and hearing of the many "useful hints" which Mr. Inspector — communicated to the master at —, and how much the children were delighted with his visit, he does not think himself justified in declining such a favourable opportunity. The Inspector comes; but first he requires the clergyman to promise that his school shall *continue* to be open to his inspection, and that of his colleagues, now, or hereafter to be appointed. His examination, being intended to suit all persons, must be latitudinarian, and evasive on points of doctrine, and, therefore, will necessarily turn chiefly to secular points. The school is not approved: the master will think the clergyman very bigoted in having confined his attention to those doctrinal points of which this great Inspector has made so light. Mr. Inspector notifies his intention of coming again that day six months; and intimates, pretty clearly, to the master, that he will not ask many questions upon such abstruse and controverted points as the doctrine of the Sacraments and the like; and it is only human nature to suppose that the great object of the master, within the specified time, will be to cram his boys with the nomenclature of chemistry, or such other sciences as the Inspector may take under his patronage. We do not say, of course, that such will be always the case. The first appointments are likely to be made with special care; and the inspectors understand that they have as yet to feel and make their way. But will it be so always? Are all Governments to be trusted with the education of the country, even so much as that of Sir Robert Peel? At all events, is not the great principle surrendered, that the Church alone has commission and fitness for the education of the

people? The authority of the Inspector is manifestly the highest: the clergyman overlooks the schoolmaster, and the inspector overlooks the clergyman. This is the *rationale* of the matter, as every person of common sense must see: and the practical lesson which it is likely to convey to the minds of the rising generation is certainly not favourable to the extension of Church principles or feeling.

Nor would it be a slight advantage arising from the more perfect organization of the Diocesan or ecclesiastical system, that the Church would be less liable to be compromised by the sayings and doings of an individual secretary, who is, after all, the almost irresponsible representative of a society. That the atmosphere of a commercial capital, and association with worldly politicians and men of mere secular expediency, is hardly compatible with the maintenance of high principle, the recent history of not one, but several of, our Church Societies has proved to demonstration. One by one we have seen men of high promise succumbing to the baneful influences alluded to. And, without wishing to indulge in any personal reflections, we are warranted in directing attention to the danger, and in suggesting the expediency, of not continuing to expose men, more than is absolutely necessary, to a temptation which proves to so many irresistible. We are sure that many of the London clergy must feel that the incessant mixing themselves with the secular business of societies is hurtful to the tone of their own minds, as it is apparent to every one who has attended a single meeting at the rooms of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, in Lincoln's Inn Fields. As, then, we would exhort the body of men of whom we are speaking, to relieve themselves of a part, at least, of their burdens, by transferring them to the shoulders of some of their rural brethren, who by the help of railroads can easily undertake the performance: so would we suggest the breaking up of the centralizing power which resides in the Broad Sanctuary, Westminster, as much as possible. A Committee of Correspondence, having representatives from each Diocesan Board or Bishop, would be most valuable: but we do not see why almost all the business which is now done in that office might not with greater propriety be transacted through the Diocesan Boards. For instance: Why might not the Queen's Letter Fund be divided for distribution among the several Boards as the Bishops should agree? We are jealous of the Church making the Secretary A or B her plenipotentiary with a scheming government. It is not right to put any individual, layman or clergyman, in a position of such temptation.

Moreover, it is quite manifest that the ancient ecclesiastical, and the central, systems cannot co-exist. Already have the former shown symptoms of a decay, which, as we believe has been plainly intimated to the officials of the Sanctuary, must be expected to increase unless the implicit confidence of the Society is reposed in the Diocesan Boards, and they are quite the *media* of communication with the parochial clergy. Of two bodies, the one having the command of money, and the other not, it is easy to see which will preponderate in influence. For all these reasons we are anxious to see the modern central system giving way to the ancient ecclesiastical one. It is true that the latter is not perfect in its organization; but the main reason

of this incompleteness is, that all real business, and specially that which gives men importance in the eyes of the world—the appropriation of money—raised chiefly, be it remembered, by the diocesan and parochial organization—is taken by the National Society out of its hands. Boards will not meet when they have nothing to do; and while the making of grants is a kind of friendly arrangement between the Treasurer and the Secretary, and inspection continues to be a mere State affair, there remains little for archdeacon, and rural dean, and their honorary assistants to do. This cause will, also, in great measure, account for the apathy of certain chapters in the business of Diocesan education. They foresaw that it would be, and could be, only a “*sham*,” so long as a central society, with all its staff of secretary, treasurer, clerks, and organizing masters, and above all, possessing the control of the purse-strings of the Church and State, continued in over-active existence.

But little space remains to notice what is the most important and most interesting portion of this Letter: viz., the proposal to “incorporate and endow colleges for the middle and lower classes of society.” Our readers will remember that we have before now recommended this very step; and, as we are anxious to let the writer speak for himself, we will only add, that, regarding the general looseness of the popular creed, and the absence of high principle and self-denial in the class alluded to, we do feel more and more convinced every day, that *training*—moral and mental training—is the great object to be attempted; and, first of all, of course, the training of those who will have to train others. The subject, as treated by our author, it will be observed, branches out into one on which we have spoken in another place.

“There must be some Church foundation, independent of official popularity and activity, or even of a Bishop’s personal character; and the suggestion which I now proceed to offer, in a spirit which your Grace and other persons in authority will, I trust, not deem presumptuous, is, that *if no ancient collegiate institutions be available for modern uses, the foundation of new ones ought to be laid, in a form productive of endowments and bequests*. Thus have our University colleges, with their exhibitions, scholarships, and fellowships, been perpetuated; and through them has* the spirit of Church Education been kept alive in times when the civil authority not only used the patronage of the Church for secular purposes, but disturbed the channel through which proceeded the stream of episcopal succession.

“In Holland, where the endowment system either did not prevail originally, or where the course of events destroyed it, University officers are all dependent on the State; so are the clergy generally; and hence they have become, in a great measure, not merely Erastian, but Neological: constant moral persecution, operating through every official and legal channel, has moreover intimidated those who adhere to the faith of their forefathers, to such an extent, that, in Switzerland, in the year 1838, I heard prayers offered up by a Calvinistic minister, on the part of his congregation, for the softening of the late King of Holland’s heart. All sects are paid, but zeal is quenched, and the State schoolmaster has superseded the Christian teacher.

“How important is it, then, that, in establishing the foundations of an extended educational system for the humbler classes of society, the same independence which stamps our Universities with a permanent character should be aimed at and secured. *New corporate bodies ought to be formed in every diocese*; but, until that be practicable, a collegiate character, at least, should invest every Training Institution. Lord Adare and Mr. Sewell, deeply aware of this paramount necessity, have proceeded upon a

* “A corporate form and character is one of the more essential conditions of keeping up the spirit of education.”—*Quarterly Review*, 1837.

similar plan, and carried out the principle contended for at the new college of St. Columba in Ireland; the masters being fellows, not stipendiary officers of a society, or board of subscribers.* Why should not this be done for the poorer, as it has been for the richer classes in this country?† and fellowships become a subject for competition and reward among teachers, as training scholarships might be among pupils in practising schools, and exhibitions already are among national school-boys. A normal school of modern invention and foreign growth may be subscribed to as a novelty; but, if it belong *bond fide* to the Church, it should be made entirely worthy of Church support in government, principles, and tendencies, before it can take root in the hearts of the community. Half-and-half objects conciliate no enemy, satisfy no caviller, and secure no decided friend. A really great object may look more formidable; but it contains within itself the germs of ultimate success, in the cordial approval and zealous support of Churchmen. To such objects, and to such only, men devote lives of self-denial, and professional industry, on a corresponding scale of magnitude. These are the works which, like charity, are twice blessed, blessing him that gives and him that receives.

“By endowing and perpetuating to God's honour and service in every diocese such institutions as those at Chelsea and Chester, each with a large number of *exhibitioners, scholars, fellows, and pensioners, resident and non-resident*, in which scheme institutions for females, with corresponding advantages, might obtain an appropriate place, the encouragement afforded not only to enlist promising pupils, but to retain deserving teachers, and provide for the infirm and aged after a certain period of service, would unite the middle and lower classes with the higher orders of society by ties of mutual service and obligation; parents would regard the scholastic profession as a post of honour for studious children; and the rich of our times would earn the gratitude of distant ages, when objects of temporary duration, however excellent, shall have lost all place in history.

“If, however, that low standard of Christian warfare which the habit of standing still as an army, and of rushing on in guerilla detachments by impulse rather than design; always on the move, but never in concerted order of battle, should render any such contemporaneous act of personal devotion to the cause of the people in every diocese as idle a vision, however splendid, as the application of prebendal stalls in every Cathedral to the same object, why should not St. Mark's, at least, be placed as an example to others upon a true collegiate foundation? Heads and graduates of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge could undertake no work more conducive to the public weal than by affording some such practical evidence that the most distinguished possessors of religious learning are the most eager advocates for its diffusion; that their own deep sense of responsibility makes them the more anxious to cast every teacher's character in the same Church mould;‡ that their own professional success makes them sympathize the more keenly with all the vicissitudes of a teacher's lot; and that, whatever be its modifications, social or intellectual, *teaching is a profession, not a trade*,—a moral power, of slow growth, which we may create and extend by moral means, but which we cannot manufacture wholesale, whether we wish to educate boors, or graft a Christian character on gentlemen. An accumulating fund, originating in donations from every college, on a liberal scale, for a given term of years, with sums raised among members by instalments, and recommended to the youthful zeal of the wealthy after passing their degree, would quickly give life and progressive extension to this national undertaking.

“There is, too, a claim on the richer section of the middle classes, and especially on those who reap the fruits of University endowments, which the poorer section of those classes, and the poorest class of all, may be fairly justified in pressing home to the consciences of their more prosperous brethren.

* “We have laid the foundation of this plan in an organized corporate body, such as our wisest ancestors, both in the Church and the State, were in the habit of framing when they wished to give vitality, and energy, and durability to any Christian operation.”—*Sewell's Opening Address*, 26 April, 1843.

† “When genius and industry have executed the greater task with distinguished success, let not our pride or our insensibility prevent us from attempting the less.”—*Dr. Parr's Works*, vol. ii. p. 193.

‡ Of this, an example on a small scale has come to my knowledge since the above was written, in the attempt to found five studentships at St. John's, Cambridge, in connexion with Grammar schools, for the express purpose of rearing Missionary catechists, to join the Bishop of New Zealand.

"The charitable intentions of our ancestors provided access to holy orders, and the means of a suitable education, through channels which have often been appropriated by the rich. The ancient duties of servitors, which to pious students of low origin were neither derogatory nor distasteful, are now humiliating to the sons of gentlemen; and the difference in caste kept up between gentlemen who pay their college dues and gentlemen for whom their ancestors have made provision, proves by its want of sense our own want of adherence to the intentions of founders.* These perversions of trust, or, to say the least, change of destination, are, moreover, still more injurious to poor scholars, in consequence of the heavy incidental expenses which modern usage has entailed upon foundation scholars, and which excludes from any share of patronage the very poor, however deserving. The opening of collegiate situations to public competition has been attended with a similar result; for, as religious and moral testimonials, with reference to the formation of a clerical order, are taken *pro formâ*, not rigidly investigated or contrasted together, and success depends on scholastic attainments, the very poor have, comparatively speaking, least chance of being well prepared, or, to use a vernacular University phrase, crammed. Here and there extraordinary genius may win the day; but those who have had the benefit of the most expensive preliminary education are generally most successful. In an academical point of view this system has worked well, as the Dean of Ely† justly observes, and the mind of the higher classes may have been beneficially stimulated, but our Day-schools have at the same time widened the circle of our intellectual claimants, and Collegiate influences have been most restricted at a time when their diffusion became most needful, with reference to the formation of character."

We would gladly give more copious extracts did our space permit. The pamphlet contains a list of recent benefactions and bequests, which seem to show that the spirit of Christian liberality is not extinct, but needs only to have a right direction imparted to it. We thank the author most heartily for calling our attention to this subject. We need scarcely say that he is not answerable for the view which we have taken of the present state of things, and of its probable causes.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Ellen Middleton. A Tale. By LADY GEORGIANA FULLERTON.
3 Vols. Moxon.

AMONG the more cheering signs, which the present time, amidst much that is calculated to sadden and depress, exhibits, are the rapidly-increasing tendency to fall back and rely upon great principles, leaving their practical application to individual conscience, and the desire which prevails among the wisest and best, to seek their proselytes, not in the opinions but in the hearts of those whom they are called on to

* The following extracts show that the early Reformers were as sensible of this defect in our social institutions as we ourselves are, and denounced it with greater freedom:

"There be none now but great men's sons in Colleges, and their fathers looked not to have them preachers. So every way the office of preacher is pointed at.

"The Devil also hath caused all this monstrous kind of covetousness—patrons to sell their benefices; yea, more, he gets himself to the University, and causeth great men and esquires to send their sons thither and put out poor scholars that should be Divines; for their parents intend not that they should be preachers, but that they may have a show of learning."—*Latimer's Sermons*.

† *Vide* Peacock's Cambridge University Statutes.

advise, or authorized to influence. How many, indeed, if openly challenged with entertaining such or such sentiments, would, either from early education, or erroneous information, repudiate, or at any rate materially qualify, coincidence or agreement; yet these same people, on examining diligently what they really believe, would find differences vanish, and points of union spring up on every side, to their own great comfort, and to the furtherance of the mighty cause of Truth. Various, in fact, are the shapes and forms wherein this unconscious and involuntary harmony exhibits itself. The page of history—the rhythm of poetry—the region of romance, alike contribute to its development; and the invisible sympathy advances, with sure but unseen steps, to visible unity. Such are among the feelings inspired by the volumes to the consideration of which we invite the attention of our readers, in the hope that the brief sketch which we are enabled to give of their plot and tendency, may induce a careful and attentive perusal of the book itself—a perusal which will amply repay the time bestowed upon it. As our limits preclude any extent of quotation (a circumstance which the nature and style of the book renders comparatively immaterial), we proceed at once to give a short analysis of its structure and substance, as the best introduction to the remarks with which we purpose to conclude our notice.

The arrival of Ellen Middleton at the cathedral city, (whose name we are only able to conjecture)—her struggles of conscience and sorrow—the soothing yet spirit-rousing sermon of Mr. Lacy, the respected canon of the cathedral, are the prologue to the drama. And here we may remark, that the authoress manifests a well-founded confidence in her powers, by unfolding, even on the threshold of her book, a material portion of the plot: namely, the probable termination of the earthly career of her heroine, at a stage of the work, where ordinary writers would have left their readers in suspense, hoping thereby to add to the interest of the tale. At once excited and softened by Mr. Lacy's discourse above alluded to, Ellen Middleton receives the excellent priest, whose proffered ministrations she had before rejected; and, moved by the Service for the Visitation of the Sick contained in our Book of Common Prayer, and especially by that portion of it which encourages and exhorts confession, the penitent sufferer, whose death is evidently near at hand, communicates, in writing, her history to her spiritual adviser; and this narrative, or confession, forms the story, whose substance we will now endeavour, briefly, but clearly, to convey to our readers.

Ellen Middleton, left an orphan in her earliest infancy, is brought up by her uncle, a country gentleman, whose estate is situated in the county of D——, and whose character is depicted in very favourable colours, as regards moral principle. His early marriage having been prevented, first by domestic obstacles, and, subsequently, by the death of the object of his regard, he is a bachelor at the period of Ellen's birth, and remains so until the sixth year of her age; when, at the age of forty-six, he becomes united in marriage to a person singularly attractive, and between whom and the youthful Ellen there springs up an affectionate attachment, of the strongest and most vivid

character. Enthusiastic and tender, Mrs. Middleton devoted herself with zeal and energy to the education of her youthful charge, who repaid her care with love not inferior to her own. The defects—the sad defects—in the system will be more easily pointed out when we come to our reflections on the tale. One child alone, born about a twelvemonth after marriage, claimed a mother's care at the hands of Mrs. Middleton; and even this new tie in nowise diminished aught of the feeling entertained for the, now no longer infant, niece. Time proceeded: Ellen Middleton reaches her fifteenth year, advancing at once in intellectual endowments and personal charms; her cousin, on the other hand, a female child, to whom the name of Julia had been given, afforded a painful contrast in mind and appearance, to our heroine. Mrs. Middleton was sensitively alive to this; but the feeling of the mother did not engender injustice in the aunt; and mortification at the daughter's unpromising tendencies, while it did not lessen maternal care and anxiety, seems but to have strengthened the less intimate but more congenial tie. Two new characters now are introduced into the scene—two who play a conspicuous part in the drama: Of these, one is Edward Middleton, nephew of Ellen's uncle, Mr. Middleton, and Henry Lovell, a younger brother of her aunt. Early acquaintance, at Elmsley (Mr. Middleton's seat), and college association, produced a great intimacy between the two young men; and a total dissimilarity of character, which the tale develops, does not appear to have, in any way, impeded its growth and constancy. Between them and the more youthful, but still congenial, Ellen, friendship and companionship prevailed to a considerable extent. Henry Lovell, animated, clever, captivating, fascinating, but withal of an engrossing but refined selfishness, veiled, to a considerable extent, under a well-feigned admiration of what was excellent and good, for no more powerful influence than the desire of appearing worthy, as yet revealed his real disposition. Edward Middleton, calm, stern, uncompromising; but possessing, nevertheless, qualities which attached those whom he desired to win, or chose to conciliate. These two young men seem to have added much to Ellen's happiness, and to have engrossed her thoughts, and occupied her imagination, at a period of her history which colours most sadly her whole life, and introduces us to an event on which the interest of the tale very materially turns. Illness attacks Julia. Mrs. Middleton, conscious that her feelings for the child had not been such as a mother almost invariably entertains, is severely agitated at the dangerous symptoms evinced. The life of the little girl is, however, spared; and her temper, at no time good, becomes more and more capricious. Never fond of Ellen, dislike takes in her the place of indifference, and the exertions of the elder cousin to conciliate are rejected by the waywardness of the younger. Even Mrs. Middleton seemed affected by the evident repugnance thus displayed; and, if not less attached to Ellen, the demonstrations of her attachment were more rare and restrained. One day, while standing at a verandah—the description of whose situation, although too long to transcribe here, should be especially read, as illustrating the whole scene (Vol. i. p. 60)—Ellen observed her young relation, on a parapet at one extremity, holding by a column, on the edge of rough

stone steps, overgrown with moss, and otherwise very dangerous, conducting down a bank leading to a rapid stream, which wended its turbulent way "along the base of the hill against which the house stood." Ellen, alarmed at the peril to which Julia was evidently exposed, desired her to descend. Julia refuses: Ellen removes and places her on the ground. The angry child rushes into the house, and, amidst her passionate screams, gives a garbled account of the circumstances to her mother. Ellen's unhappy pride restrains her from following and setting the matter right, and she overhears a dialogue between Mrs. Middleton and her husband, on the necessity of sending her to school for a year or two, to put a stop to scenes of so unseemly a character. A vivid description of Ellen's feelings follows this dialogue, when, at the critical moment, Julia again appears—places herself at the head of the steps, and tauntingly proclaims her position. Ellen desires her to come away; the reply tells the character of Julia: she threatens Ellen with dismissal from the house, if she teases her. Ellen, unhappily, most unhappily, forgets herself. Agitated at once by the substance of her aunt's conversation and Julia's version of it, she strikes the child: Julia's foot slips,—she rolls down the stone steps into the stream. A voice near her utters, "She has killed her,"—true in letter, but false in spirit. The blow had taken an unintentional effect. The child's body is recovered, bereft of life;—and here Ellen's mournful history assumes its garb of sorrow. We feel, however, that our want of space will compel us to give a more rapid sketch of the subsequent portion of the story. Ellen imagines that Edward Middleton is the possessor of the secret; that some one person, at least, participates in it is painfully realized by the words "She has killed her." She is, indeed, mistaken;—the unhappy blow was seen by Henry Lovell, and a person of the name of Tracy, formerly a nurse in the family, and fondly attached to Henry, whose life in infancy her care had materially contributed to preserve. This person, of violent and unrestrained temper, has acquired great influence over Henry, in consequence of having been enabled to extricate him, by the payment of a large sum of money, from the consequences of a disgraceful and dishonest action. She labours under the grievous delusion of imagining that Ellen had really intended to kill her cousin, for the purpose of being heir to her uncle's fortune; and the scenes which convey the account of her struggles between the duty of proclaiming her conviction, and the restraint imposed on her by her affection for Henry,—which affection is turned to the purpose of insuring her secrecy, are well and skilfully depicted. The great object, however, which Mrs. Tracy has in view, is, the marriage of Henry with her pretty and well-educated granddaughter, Alice; whose history and career afford a very interesting episode, although her character might have been more fully developed, and greater lessons derived from it.

But to proceed—A scene at the residence of Mrs. Tracy, where we are first introduced to that person and her granddaughter, and wherein Ellen and Henry play a conspicuous part, is very ably drawn, especially when we compare it with the elucidation afforded by the further progress of the tale. Various are the struggles and sorrows of Ellen. Her sensations when any allusion, however

unwittingly, is made to circumstances bearing the slightest resemblance to the event which turned her happiness into sorrow,—her interviews with Henry Lovell, who is enamoured of her as fondly and passionately as engrossing selfishness will allow,—her meeting with Mr. Leslie, the clergyman of the parish where she is staying, on a visit, with some relations, and her all but confession to him of her sad and wearing secret,—Henry's marriage with Alice,—the remarkable circumstance which reveals the deep-rooted and devoted affection felt by Ellen for Edward Middleton, and which, long pent up, breaks forth in all the fulness and intensity of expression and action;—her marriage with Edward,—the combination of events which induces Edward to entertain suspicions of his wife, most unfounded, but which all originate in the unhappy concealment of the cause of her early grief;—her final interview with Henry, to induce him to release her from that promise of never communicating the cause of Julia's death, which induced her ill-fated and sinful silence;—Edward's separation from her, arising from misconception of the nature of an interview, which he had forbidden;—the character of Robert Harding, a cousin of Alice,—of a Mr. Estcourt, a false friend of Henry and Edward, and his share in the tale;—the gentle and uncomplaining course of Alice, after her union with Henry;—Henry's remorse, full confession of Ellen's innocence, and loyal devotion to her husband—are all painted in colours the most real and affecting, bringing us, in their course, to the point where the introduction is concluded and the tale commenced. And now, the description of the zeal and affectionate energy of the good clergyman, Mr. Lacy,—his interview with Edward; the reunion of the separated, but fondly-attached, couple; the certain progress of the disease whose fatal ravages did their work full surely; the death-bed scenes; the death; the disposal of the survivors—close this mournful tale; but close it with lessons so valuable, with a picture so good in its contemplation, with implied suggestions so useful in their consideration, that to them we would direct, for a short time, our readers' patient attention.

What, then, is the great lesson which these volumes teach? Call it by what name you will—Auricular—Sacramental confession—Confidential communications—Unburthening of grief,—the substance is the same; that for which human nature yearns,—that of which one, now no longer among us, whose sympathies (judging, at least, from his expressions) were by no means in harmony with those who have laboured and struggled to revive ordinances whereof confession is, if not the key-stone, a main and invaluable support,—desired the restoration and deplored the loss* of the complement, as it were, of one of the sacraments of our Church, the way and entrance to the other. To this the tale of Ellen Middleton points, in language that cannot be misunderstood. In want of this, Ellen Middleton wandered from the path of straightforwardness and right, brought at length to its use and employment, by the way of long and bitter suffering. The picture is, indeed, painted in colours of sadness and mourning; but it embodies therein a lesson of no ordinary

* Life and Correspondence of Dr. Arnold, Vol. I. p. 36.

value. May not the recollection be brought to our minds of some one, who, fulfilling every duty of wife and mother,—in the former character confiding to her husband every secret of her bosom—in the latter character, devoting herself, with unremitting tenderness, to her young children; yet, in the hour and at the time when a long and painful illness, borne with exemplary patience and gentleness, drew to its final earthly close—shrunk, with a feeling of modest reserve—for such existed—from unfolding to His ministers the confidence, which he gently suggested, as within, but in nowise urged, beyond, his sphere of duty? And may we not wish that, in her case, early practice had habituated the tried spirit to pour out griefs and scruples in the ear of one who possessed a sacramental claim to their communication?—And to apply this to the matter in hand,—then would Ellen Middleton have avoided that course, which, while it sadly and materially impaired the excellence of a disposition full of the better and kinder feelings of our nature, roused in the hearts of those whom she dearly and deeply loved such bitter and unfounded suspicions, yet in some-wise no matter of wonder and surprise.

But our observations must draw to a close. Touching and most reverential is the manner in which mention of the Ever Blessed Virgin is, from time to time, introduced. Remarkable also is the recognition of the state of those departed hence, (vol. iii. p. 246,) although we must add that the authoress speaks with a degree of peremptoriness which jars somewhat against our feelings. If, indeed, amidst so much that is hopeful, we may suggest three defects: they are;—the first, an apparent want of realizing the severe subject matter of the volumes in the very early pages. The second and third of a more important and serious stamp, which, perhaps, the word defect scarcely marks or characterizes sufficiently: namely, the putting profane expressions in the mouths of those whom the authoress wishes to exhibit in an unfavourable light; this, which is in itself bad, is, of course, more objectionable when the sex of the writer is taken into consideration, as such expressions become identified with the authoress, whose very words we cannot but feel we are reading; and we might ask the question, Would she not, in telling a story, omit words of such a description?—a question sufficiently answered by the very fact of her shrinking from writing them at full length. Thirdly, there is what we may call an absence of sensitiveness, leading, indeed, to want of refinement, in the mode wherein certain conventional phrases and words are used; we allude to what, for want of a better term, we will call the fashionable drawing-room tone: one utterly unworthy of the writer of "*Ellen Middleton*," and of which we may cite as a specimen, the frequent use of the words "*the men*," when speaking of our sex—a fault which we dare say never suggested itself as such originating more probably from artificial circumstances than natural disposition, but, nevertheless, one which we confess grates upon our ears. These defects will, however, we have little doubt, be cured by time and improved opportunities, in one who exhibits the excellence and earnestness manifested by the author of this tale. Debre'tt's communicative register tells us, that she has reached a period of life when the intellect is arriving at full maturity, its youthful vigour

remaining unimpaired. The pen, then, which has described the well-principled, but hard and, in most material respects, uncongenial, Edward; the selfish, yet in some-wise agreeable, Henry; the honourable, yet unsympathizing, Mr. Middleton: his gentle, yet by no means faultless, wife; the unwisely trained and blameable, yet highly-interesting, Ellen; the tender and conscientious, yet undeveloped and undefined, Alice; the violent, yet devoted Mrs. Tracy—may, and we trust will, do even better things; may paint and describe examples of Catholic spirit and action unalloyed even by the more serious imperfections which cling to human, although regenerate, nature, while yet in its garb of flesh and prison of the body: examples, that is, of real christian excellence.—But we will conclude, with the hope that we shall often again meet the authoress of “*Ellen Middleton*,” and receive on each successive meeting renewed and additional pleasure, from the growth of principles and development of powers which cannot fail to entitle her to a high religious, moral, and intellectual position among the writers of the present age.

The History of England; published by the “Committee of General Literature,” being No. I. of an Historical Series of Educational Books. 1844. 1 Vol. pp. 134. S. P. C. K.

THIS is a decided improvement on the “*Outlines of English History*” published by the same committee of the Lincoln’s Inn Society. Several of the most gross blunders, such as confounding the doctrine of the Real Presence in the Holy Eucharist with that of Transubstantiation, have been corrected; and some of the most important omissions supplied. The early part of the history even expresses sympathy and respect for St. Chad and St. Theodore; for Saxon, yea, and for Roman, Saints. We would gladly say more in its praise; but the leaven of national Protestant prejudice is still so strong, as very seriously to impair the fitness of the book for the use of the young. The following are instances of what we mean: The influence of Archbishop Dunstan is ascribed to “*reputed sanctity, and false miracles*.” Now, granting that much of what his biographers have termed miracle was merely the effect of a superior scientific knowledge upon an ignorant and credulous people, there are not, we believe, any grounds for questioning the sincerity and earnestness of this great man; and we hold it to be a most unwise course to attempt to depreciate the models of excellence which christian antiquity presents to the admiration of youth. At all events let us be just; but it is not justice to assail the character of Dunstan with these evil surmises, and at the same time to speak of Wicliffe, without any qualification, as a “*pious and learned man*,” and to rank him, laden as he is with heresy, among the “*English Reformers*.” The former did certainly receive the honour of canonization from the Church; and this, we hold, should exempt him, and all others so distinguished, from the reproach and ridicule of every one who calls himself a Churchman. But it would almost appear that the writer of this history was ignorant of the existence of

anything like an authorized rule of canonization. Edward the Confessor, Archbishop Anselm, and others, are spoken of as "acquiring," or "gaining," the "title of Saint," as if it were a mere accident depending on popular election, or something as fickle and uncertain. Upon the whole, the book labours under the same want of depth and distinctness of principle which mark our other popular histories. Credulous of evil, and incredulous of good, the author narrates the crimes imputed to Richard III., Queen Mary, and William the Conqueror, without thinking it necessary to caution his reader against a too ready belief; but he would not, on any account, have him think too favourably of St. Dunstan, or St. Thomas à Becket. Is this wise? Is it just?

We entreat these gentlemen, who have it in charge to preside both over our "general literature" and "education," to entertain a little more generosity of feeling towards the great and good men who lived in past ages. The heroes of "Revolutions" and "Reformations" are not those solely, or even principally, to whom the admiration of the young needs to be directed. Surely, for example, an English Churchman has, and most of all those who are professedly patrons of "education" have, at least as much cause to remember with thankfulness the pious and munificent William of Wykeham, as his contemporary Wickliffe; but while much is said of the latter, we look in vain for the name of the former.

The only reference which the writer of this History (*or the Committee*) condescends to give, is to the "Memoirs of Henry V." by the Rev. J. E. Tyler, vicar of St. Giles's, himself one of the Standing and Tract Committees! It has not been our good fortune ever to meet with this book, still we do not doubt its value as an authority, and congratulate the author on the speedy advancement of his work to the dignity of an English classic. Some, we apprehend, however, will be surprised, and others indignant, at the selection: but those who are in the habit of attending the meetings of the S.P.C.K. will recognise it as a part of a system, according to which Committees and Chairmen are in the habit of moving and putting votes of thanks to themselves!

Corruptions of the Church of Rome, &c., by BISHOP BULL: to which is added, Differences and Agreements between the Roman Catholics and the Church of England, by BISHOP COSIN. With a Preface and Notes, by THOMAS P. PANTIN, Rector of Westcote, &c. S. P. C. K., 67, Lincoln's Inn Fields. 1839.

OUR attention was called to this book by the recent Report of the Standing Committee of that very remarkable body, the S. P. C. K. In April, this Standing Committee thought proper to present to the Monthly Board an enormous Report, which was designed as a reply to Mr. Scott's Appeal, the Lichfield Memorial, and other remonstrances written, spoken, or printed against the general conduct of the Society. The gist of this Report was, that the Standing Committee had been

unfairly treated,—that they had not “recently” mutilated any book ; nay, that “for the last eight years, *since April*, 1836, the power of revision of old tracts had been virtually declined;” “that there never was a time when greater pains were taken by the Society to secure correct reprints;” and as a proof of all this literary virtue, the said Report made out a very consoling list of “the works of deceased authors, which, under the direction of the Tract Committee, have been CAREFULLY REPRINTED from GENUINE TEXTS, including Nelson’s *Fasts and Festivals*; . . . together with Barrow’s *Exposition*, &c. ; . . . as also Bishop Bull’s *Corruptions of the Church of Rome*, &c.” Well : quiet people, especially in the country, began to think, we dare say, that the London remonstrants were very factious people ; that the CHRISTIAN REMEMBRANCER and the Reign of Interim was a deal too bad ; that the Lichfield Clergy were a tiresome set of wasps ; and that, as for Exeter, grumbling for nothing was indigenous to the place, from the Bishop down to the verger. And so the good folks in Lincoln’s Inn Fields began to chuckle ; the storm was over ; the holidays near ; the malcontents swamped ; and a pompous list of “genuine” reprints ready to stop the mouths of the most querulous.

Once upon a time, one Mr. Isaac Taylor said, “Take down your Cyprian, and see if he don’t say so and so;” and when people did “take down their Cyprian,” and found that Cyprian said quite the other thing, there was an end of Mr. Isaac Taylor : he had just contrived to finish himself nicely, as they say. So it is with our old friends of the S. P. C. K. “Look at our genuine Bull’s Corruptions, carefully reprinted,” they say (though this is itself a bit of a bull) ; and we do look at their “genuine Bull,” published by the Tract Committee, —a “recent” reprint,—one on the accuracy of which the Standing Committee pledge themselves to stand or fall, and stake their reputation. And, good reader, you shall look at it too.

In 1705, Dr. George Hickes published, in two volumes, a collection of controversial discourses on the question with the Church of Rome, in which, for the first time, appeared (in a responsible form) Bishop Bull’s Corruptions, &c. Of this collection, says Hickes—

“The Fourth Paper, concerning the differences in the chief points of religion between the Church of Rome and the Church of England, was never before published. I printed it from the VERY COPY which Dr. John Cosin, afterwards Bishop of Durham, gave to the late Countess of Peterborough, &c.”—*Preface*.

And thus it came to pass that Bull and Cosin went together ; when one appeared, the other accompanied it—they were as Damon and Pythias. Bull was not reckoned complete without Cosin. So, very properly, when the S. P. C. K. determined to print Bull, they and their editor, Mr. Pantin, printed Cosin : the Tract Committee had not the heart to break up a connexion of nearly a century and a half.

“*Felices ter et amplius
Quos irrupta tenet copula*.”——

And we do not envy the insolent temerity which shall ever dare to hint at a separation between two such divines, linked together under such circumstances and by such authority.

About the reprint of Bull we have little to say : it is badly done, and it is unfairly done ; for Mr. Pantin not having distinguished his, quite uncalled-for, notes and illustrations from Bull's, the two, much to the injury of the Bishop's fame, may, by the ignorant, be confounded : but let it pass. Of Cosin's tract we have something to say : it consists of four pages. The first three pages, "Differences," are accurately reprinted. "Our agreements," as Cosin wrote, and Hickes (vol. i. Appendix) printed them, consist of FOURTEEN articles : the S. P. C. K. and Mr. Pantin, make them to consist of TWELVE ; and of these twelve—but we subjoin a collation of the whole.

OUR AGREEMENTS

If the Roman Catholics would make the essence of their Church (as we do ours) to consist in these following points, we are at accord with them, in the reception and believing of :

AS PUBLISHED BY HICKES.

S. P. C. K. EDITION.

1. All the Two and Twenty Canonical Books of the Old Testament and the Twenty Seven of the New, as the only Foundation and perfect Rule of our Faith.

2. All the Apostolical and Ancient Creeds, especially those which are commonly called the Apostles' Creed, the *Nicene Creed*, and the Creed of St. *Athanasius*, all which are clearly deduced out of the Scriptures.

3. All the Decrees of Faith and Doctrine set forth as well in the first four general Councils, as in all other Councils, which those first four approved and confirmed, [and in the 5th and 6th General Councils besides (than which we find no more to be General) and in all the following councils that be thereunto agreeable ; and in all the Anathema's or Condemnations given out by those Councils against Hereticks, for the defence of the Catholick Faith.]

4. The unanimous and general Consent of the Ancient Catholick Fathers, and the Universal Church of Christ in the Interpretation of the Holy Scriptures, and the Collection of all necessary matters of Faith from them [during the first Six Hundred Years and downwards to our own Days.]

5. In acknowledgment of the Bishop of *Rome*, if he would rule and be ruled by the ancient Canons of the Church, to be the Patriarch of the *West*, by right of Ecclesiastical and Imperial Constitution, in such places where the Kings and Governors of those places had received him, and found it behooful for them to make use of his Jurisdiction, without any necessary dependence upon him by divine Right.

6. In the reception and use of the two blessed Sacraments by our Saviour ; in the confirmation of those Persons that are to be strengthened in their Christian Faith, by Prayer and Imposition of Hands, according to the examples of the holy Apostles and

Passage within brackets omitted by S. P. C. K.

Passage within brackets omitted by S. P. C. K.

... when ruling and ruled by . . . S. P. C. K.

ancient Bishops of the Catholick Church; in the publick and solemn Benediction of Persons, that are to be joined together in holy Matrimony; [in publick or private absolution of penitent Sinners;] in the consecrating of Bishops, and the ordaining of Priests and Deacons for the Service of God in his Church by a *lawful* Succession; and in visiting the Sick, by praying for them, and administering the blessed Sacrament to them, together with a final absolution of them from their repented Sins.

7. In commemorating at the Eucharist the Sacrifice of Christ's Body and Blood once truly offered for us.

8. In acknowledging his sacramental, spiritual, true, and real Presence there to the Souls of all them, that come faithfully and devoutly to receive him according to his own Institution in that holy Sacrament.

9. In giving thanks to God for them, that are departed out of this Life in the true Faith of Christ's Catholick Church, and in praying to God [that they may have a joyful Resurrection and a perfect Consummation of Bliss, both in their Bodies and Souls in his Eternal Kingdom of Glory.]

[10. In the Historical and Moderate Use of painted and true Stories, either for Memory or Ornament, where there is no danger to have them abused or worshipped with religious Honour.]

[11. In the Use of Indulgences, or abating the rigour of the Canons imposed upon Offenders according to their Repentance, and their want of ability to undergo them.]

12. In the Administration of the Two Sacraments and other Rites of the Church with Ceremonies of Decency and Order, according to the Precept of the Apostle and the free Practice of the Ancient Christians.

13. In observing such Holy Days and Times of Fasting, as were in use in the first Ages of the Church, or afterwards received upon just Grounds by publick and lawful Authority.

14. Finally, in the reception of all Ecclesiastical Constitutions and Canons made for the ordering of our Church; or others, which are not repugnant either to the Word of God, or the Power of Kings, or the Laws established by *right* Authority in any Nation.

Passage within brackets omitted by S. P. C. K.

... together with the absolution of them from their repented sins.

Passage within brackets omitted by S. P. C. K.*

Altogether omitted by S. P. C. K.

Altogether omitted by S. P. C. K.

... for the ordering of our Church, or others; which, ... S. P. C. K.*

That is to say, if the "Ecclesiastical Gazette Extraordinary" issues

* We desire to call especial attention to the folly, as well as mischief, of these alterations: by making Art. 9 end with "in praying to God" the whole sentence becomes nonsense; "and in eating our dinner" would have been quite as sensible a conclusion. And as to Art. 14, Mr. Pantin, by his ridiculous punctuation, has actually represented the English Church as receiving the decrees of every Council, true or false, since the days of the Apostles, *Trent included*!!

a bulletin of this engagement between the S. P. C. K. and Bishop Cosin, the account of the fourteen articles would run thus :—

Rank and file, efficient after the battle . . .	6
Killed and missing	2
Wounded, dangerously	5
Wounded, slightly	1
Total	14

And a very desperate battle it was: out of *fourteen* sentences, the S. P. C. K. and Mr. Pantin allow only *six* to escape without loss of life and limb.

But, to speak with gravity: this case exceeds everything which has yet been produced; the mutilations are more serious; the case clearer; the genuineness of the original edition more indisputable; the “recent” date of the “doctrinal change” more glaring; and, to crown all, the discreditable boast of purity more alarming than anything which has yet been discovered against this unhappy Society. We should like to know whether *this* case compromises the “present Tract Committee,” or not—whether *this* has occurred “since April, 1836”—whether *this* is a “doctrinal change” or not—whether it is “recent”—whether it has any meaning—and whether anybody, Mr. Pantin or Committee, is responsible for it? Can human ingenuity wriggle out of a case like this? We presume that we shall hear shortly of a motion to get an uncorrupted “Corruptions,” a “Cosin” without cosening.

Altars Prohibited by the Church of England. By W. GOODE, M.A., F.A.S., &c. Hatchards. 1844.

OUR readers are in pretty full possession of our sentiments concerning what may be called the *Altar controversy*. It is a point very vital, we think, in one point of view, very much overrated in another; that is to say, few things seem to us more important than rightly to develop, make conspicuous, and solemnize, the Eucharistic furniture of our churches; than to build so as to make them the central objects, and in all things suggest the thought of the Eucharist being the principal purpose to which the structures are devoted; and often few things are less worthy of being, we do not say *discussed*, but quarrelled about, than how far, or on what occasions, or with what limitations, persons who agree in those sentiments, should call the Lord’s Table *an altar*. The *onus probandi* would seem to be on the side of the man who resists the common sentiment of the Church in all ages, which feeling the Eucharist to be in a high sense sacrificial, has ever annexed the correlative character to the Table on which it is celebrated. He who anathematizes the common sentiment is always more bound to make good his case, than he who sympathizes with it.

However this may be, Mr. Goode has not even attempted to enunciate such a case. The doctrine of the Altar, the question whether the Lord’s Sacred Board can fairly, under any relations, or, with any reservations, be called the Altar, are questions which he has hardly touched. His whole thesis is, that the Church of England has pro-

hibited its being of stone, and, perhaps, (we really are scarcely sure whether this is to be included) has also insisted on its being movable. Here, therefore, is a prodigious limitation of the question, and a great reduction of its importance. It now becomes a purely legal one, interesting, indeed, to church builders and designers, and of some consequence, if likely to be tried, to the interests of reverence and decorum; but we have quitted the region of doctrine. Even were our Ecclesiastical Courts to give it in Mr. Goode's favour, which we feel convinced that they *cannot* do, it would still remain for us to call his wooden movable table an altar, and to feel towards it as such, however incongruous and unworthy we might fancy its shape, material, and circumstances.

We say this, supposing Mr. Goode to have proved his case. As he has put it, it is somewhat difficult for any but lawyers to say whether he has done so or not. Many of his reasonings are, indeed, utterly irrelevant. Much that he quotes refers to the "*Popish altars*," which, in their number, and with the associations annexed to them, the Reformers looked on with an indignation which *now* can have no place; and not to *the one altar* of the Church, at which the one great distinctive rite of the Gospel is celebrated. This distinction may be in some degree analogous to that observed by those early Fathers who disclaimed the heathen *Ara*, though they gloried in the Christian *altar*; and while it is one which a competent acquaintance with the controversy might suggest any how, one or two of the passages referred to by Mr. Goode, are in themselves cast so as to remind us of it. Others relate to proceedings which we have been unable to see how we are compelled to recognise as those of the English Church, or as claiming our assent. Perhaps Mr. Goode *may* have pitched on an enactment which the Courts would hold prohibitory of stone altars, while the "*Injunctions*" were in force, though we have our doubts as to its bearing on any altars that may at present exist, or that were erected after Elizabeth's time.

But, leaving the legal questions of material and movability or immovability; and confessing that the practice on this subject is anomalous, and that the law would, if enforced against stone, be satisfactory to no party whatsoever, we think it well to state the condition of the doctrinal question in England, for the benefit of such of our readers as may feel pained at hearing that there is any question in the matter.

The Prayer-Book designates that whereon the Eucharist is consecrated as "*the Table*," "*the Lord's Table*," and "*the holy Table*." Let it be here observed, that the two last terms are sufficient to warrant us, both in bestowing cost on its construction, and in showing reverence in our approaches to it. Let it be next observed that, in no age has the notion of a Table been allowed to exclude that of an Altar. The latter always has been considered and spoken of as a Table; therefore nothing can be concluded from the language of the Prayer-Book against the supposition that the Lord's Table is an Altar. Next, the Canons of 1640 call it such, and point out the condition under which the title is admissible; and though those Canons have no absolute, they have a high interpretative, authority. Thirdly, the Coronation service, which, though no part of the

Prayer-Book, must be considered as an indication of the mind of the Church, throughout bestows the title Altar on the holy Table. Fourthly, our best divines have always considered that, just so far as the consecration of the Eucharist represents our Saviour's sacrifice, does the Table at which it is performed receive the character of an Altar. Fifthly, a very remarkable and significant rubric was introduced into the Prayer-Book at the Restoration, directing the priest to place the elements on the Lord's Table himself at a particular stage of the Eucharistic service; a rubric which, by its inherent force, makes that Table an Altar, and was almost certainly owing to the increasing prevalence in the minds of Churchmen of the doctrine of the Eucharistic Sacrifice, to which marked attention had been called by Mede, Taylor, and others. Lastly, it is on the holy Table that the alms and other devotions of the people are to be placed with prayer to Almighty God,—which circumstance, like that last named, constitutes it an Altar. Finally, it has been found impossible to root the title out of common speech,—a circumstance not in any way conclusive, but yet worthy of attentive consideration.

Five Sermons on the Temptation, &c., preached before the University of Cambridge. By DR. MILL. Deighton. 1844.

THESE discourses are of a class so superior to the ordinary volumes of sermons, that our only regret is, that we are obliged to notice them in this way. Dr. Mill is almost alone. He has been compared with Bull; and the resemblance holds in so many particulars, that we accept it without abatement. Indeed, it is most consoling, on more grounds than we can at present indicate, that one so thoroughly conversant with patristic learning should be at the same time master of Oriental literature, as well as skilled in those languages of modern Europe, in which, almost unknown to us, are constantly reviving the most frightful forms of ancient heresies, combined with new, and, if possible, more portentous elements of evil. We allude particularly to Germany. Unless we read the signs of the times amiss, our age will witness an attack on every fundamental of the faith, of the most sweeping character. The shadows, it may be, of the great Apostasy, are thickening upon the Church's path. Recent, or rather present, controversies, may, it is feared, in some quarters, have the effect of narrowing our studies into single, and, as it is thought, less important channels. Such apprehensions we do not share in. Were it possible that the events of the last ten years had only this effect of directing us to the Catholic Fathers, even upon the supposition—an absurd one—of the comparative unimportance of the more immediate objects of controversy, they would have exercised the most important influence upon English theology. We will illustrate our meaning:—

We honestly believe, could it be ascertained, that no age and body of the Church ever was possessed by such deplorable ignorance on the single doctrine of the Trinity as our own. Mr. Newman has, from time to time, in his matchless History of the Arians, and more recently in detached illustrations of the Athanasian age, done much, we trust, in dogmatic teaching. But the little attention, or, to speak

more correctly, the significant apathy with which his most important works have been received, tells very much against us. So is it with Dr. Mill: he has concentrated his powers in a complete refutation of that system, which commenced, we will not say when or where, but has only culminated in the pantheism of Strauss. But few know, and a still smaller number seem to care for, works which are a permanent contribution to the everlasting witness of the Church. In Oxford it seems to be settled that the gravest heresy which has been formally and systematically pronounced in our own days does not disqualify its originator from acting as the accredited head of the "Evangelical" party. What can be thought of our general orthodoxy, even in the plainest fundamentals, when Dr. Hampden—we say it without hesitation, a teacher of heresy as undoubted as ever met the anathema of a Council—is constantly praised and appealed to in all the Reviews and Periodicals, which assume to be the best exponents of Reformation principles: such as the *Christian Observer*?

Neither is our literature, properly so called, less free from this contamination of positive heresy. Only let us ponder on the remarkable way in which, scarcely without a protest, such a journal as the *Quarterly Review* noticed the Correspondence between Southey and Taylor of Norwich. Southey, and he holds, perhaps, the most respectable position of any among our modern classics, kept up an almost unbroken correspondence with this man,—the *Quarterly* spoke of him so as to convey the impression that he was one of the most noticeable of his and our generation. And yet Taylor rejected Socinianism as too dogmatical for him: he passed over into something even beyond the wild heresy of Paulus—he lived and died literally without God in the world—his was a practical Atheism; and yet literature, English literature, and its chief organ, smilingly invest him with the blue riband of dignity, and welcome him with all the honours of criticism. We do Southey certainly less than justice unless we believe that, in the declining years of his life, he broke off this miserable intimacy. But no such fears influence the *Quarterly Review*, and Taylor's raving impieties and the "Tractarian movement" are discussed with the same insolent equanimity—we trust of ignorance—in pages which circulate, and hitherto with acceptance, in nine out of ten of our parsonages. We have heard of remonstrances addressed to proprietors of late; for the credit of the "old-fashioned Churchmen," the "country Parsons," we do trust that some indignant protest has been lodged against the utterly irreligious character of this journal. And when we call to mind to whom this particular article is attributed, it augurs badly for those who hold fellowship with a publication conducted under such unchristian auspices. It may be we are violating the ordinary *etiquette* of reviews in thus noticing a contemporary; but we do feel that we should be lacking in duty, were we not to avow our unqualified regret that pages, which were once adorned by a Heber, to say nothing of living writers who claim our respect and affection, should be disgraced by such a flagitious paper as that to which we allude. We had occasion last year to express our fears of a preponderance of mere speculative criticism, apart from Christian morals, in this influential quarter—influential on our national

Belief, as well as our taste, but we could not have anticipated to find in the *Quarterly Review* so cool and sympathizing an estimate passed upon the avowed and boastful literature of infidelity and blasphemy.

Besides, the increasing English circulation of such philosophy as Cousin's, (from which, by the bye, much of Dr. Hampden's is derived), the republication of Hobbes, the influence of Bentham's school, and the popular reputation of Channing, together with the revived study of Spinoza, and the rise of a shallow, silly Syncretism, (we speak of facts within our own knowledge,) are all significant omens which render the likelihood of a very deep impression being made upon that loose hold which most people have of "all the articles of the Christian faith." There wants but a master-mind, and we think that we have such an one already in our mind's eye, to reduce into a well-considered philosophy and system, the scattered elements of English unbelief; and this, coupled with our disorganized social state, and the maxims of political rule which are adopted by successive governments, may produce a moral and religious, and therefore, of course, a social chaos, to which all that we understand by revolutions and rebellions, "glorious" or otherwise, will be but as summer storms. The monarchical principle—the dogmatic principle, are all but extinct; and since these are the only practical embodiments of rule and authority, that is, of the *kingdom* of God upon earth, all which can influence man's soul and man's body, his faith and practice, his fear to God, his honour to the king—how deeply grateful ought we to be to such men as Dr. Mill, whose whole life seems to be given to the defence of one subject—the Christian creeds—which are but the one symbol against Antichrist, and his reign.

We would call especial attention to Dr. Mill's sketch of the prevalent errors upon, and the true doctrine of, Satanic Personality and Influence, not as being intrinsically more important than the rest of his work; but as being needed perhaps in some quarters, not quite so uninstructed as many in the other subjects of which he treats.

"Hymns and Poems for the Sick and Suffering, edited by the Rev. T. V. Fosberry, B.A.," (Rivingtons,) is the best compilation of Devotional Verses that we have yet seen. The plan is very judicious, the whole being woven on the Visitation Service, to each rubric and sentence of which there is annexed a Poem or Poems. The Preface is very good, very deep, and, we venture to add, very *spiritual*. We hope to see a cheaper edition of this beautiful Collection, and one more manageable as a *manual*. We do not say that the poems are equal in value, especially the modern ones.

It would take much time and study, to say nothing of other qualifications, to form a final estimate of such a work as "*Ordo Sæclorum—a Treatise on the Chronology of the Holy Scriptures, &c.*," by Henry Browne, M.A., Principal of Chichester Diocesan College, &c., (Parker,) but it *seems* a most elaborate, erudite, and important work.

No. X. of the "Congregational Union Tract Series," is entitled "The Congregational Ministry Sustained by a Divine, and an adequate human, sanction," and purports to have been adopted at a late adjourned meeting of the Congregational Union Assembly. It is very able and very interesting, and comes

very near to bringing the question of the Priesthood and the visible Church to a fair issue. We think its compilers see their way far more clearly than several of our own brethren,—an alarming privilege, however. Better to be timidly and inconsistently right, than vigorously and symmetrically wrong.

Mr. Brockedon's illustrated work on Italy (Duncan and Malcolm), to the opening numbers of which we called attention two years ago, is now completed, and a charming book it is. We speak but of the engravings, for we have not yet had time to consult the letterpress. We have never seen a more delightful selection of Italian views; and some of them, be it observed, of beautiful scenes little known to the ordinary tourist, and never seen in Landscape Annuals, or such like sources of sedentary people's conceptions of Italy.

"The Anglo-Catholic Library" is going on both regularly and successfully; which we hear is not the case with its less orthodox compeers. We desire to call attention to the admirable way in which the Bramhall has been edited: the preface to the last volume contains a dissertation on Barlow's Consecration, which settles the question; as well as notes on the successive points of the dispute. Mr. Audland's general care and punctuality, as superintending editor of the series, demands very respectful acknowledgment.

"Rural Synods," by Mr. Hawker of Morwenstow, (London, Edwards,) has reached us. We merely mention it at present, as we shall probably have more to say shortly on the whole subject. From the same author we have "Reeds Shaken with the Wind, the second Cluster." We wish he had chosen another title, but the contents we like much. Some of the verses have appeared elsewhere before, but are none the worse for that.

"Price's Complete Communion Service, (in the key of C,) with the Minor Third, consisting of Kyrie, Creed, Sanctus, and Gloria in Excelsis," (Lonsdale,) is more to be commended in the design than the execution, though it is better than much that goes under the name of Church music. It is a good sign that a *Communion Service* should be composed now-a-days at all. We do not know whether this service has been prepared for use in any particular Church, but we fear there are very few places in which the Eucharistic office is celebrated with even that small amount of choral accompaniment which is commonly given to Morning and Evening Prayer. We believe, however, that St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge, is an honourable exception.

Amongst books for the young, we may direct attention to a clever production by the author of Josiah, Gideon, &c., "The Birth-day" (Burns), and to the English translation of Schmid's "Genoveva," which seems to us most beautiful and impressive.

"German Protestantism and the Right of Private Judgment in the Interpretation of Scripture; a brief history of German Theology," &c., by the Rev. E. H. Dewar (Parker, Oxford; and Rivingtons), we shall advert to next month, in connexion with some other publications on foreign protestantism which lie before us.

"Walks about the City and Environs of Jerusalem," by W. H. Bartlett, (Virtue, London,) do not appear to add one particle of information to the researches of Dr. Robinson, which, indeed, Mr. Bartlett follows with implicit confidence. It is singular that Protestants who ridicule the pious credulity of Greek and Roman pilgrims, should themselves become the victims of a similar credulity, in purchasing endless quantities of trash in the form of amateur missionary travels. Mr. Bartlett professes great interest in the Jerusalem bishopric, which, as we understand him to be a dissenter of some sort, is really very kind and condescending. He informs us that the object of this foundation

was to "exhibit to the Eastern Churches"—which he has just described as most superstitious and corrupt—"a form of protestantism which *they were better able to understand and sympathise with*, than the rigid simplicity of the doctrine and practice of Independency and Presbyterianism." We thank our author for this definition, which very correctly describes the tendency of this and other Low-Church operations. They are means for letting persons down gently from Catholic feeling and practice, to Independency and Presbyterianism. Whether the contrivers of the notable scheme in question will accept Mr. B.'s exposition of their intentions is not for us to decide.

The Archdeacon of Surrey, than whom no one seems better to know how to speak to children, has just published the first series of "Scripture Reading Lessons for Little Children" (Burns), which can hardly need recommendation of ours. He has prefaced the little book with some beautiful and most just remarks. We question, however, the judiciousness of a preface, full of advice to the parent or teacher, to a book which is to be put into the hands of children. Its tendency, as far as it goes, must be to lessen their confidence in the parent or teacher, perhaps to provoke comparison between what they find recommended or deprecated, and the system which may have been pursued in their own case. They ought, we think, to see nothing but *results*.

We are not so well pleased with "Short Lectures on Scripture Doctrines," (Haskell), the theology of which is not that of the Church Catechism.

"Christian Fragments," (Longman,) by Dr. Burns. Written in sorrow, and committed to the afflicted by an excellent and able man, a distinguished member of his profession; such cannot but be an affecting work. The theology is not always so sound as the purpose; but we do not desire to be critical.

"The Ideal of a Christian Church, considered in comparison with existing practice, containing a Defence of certain Articles in the 'British Critic,' in reply to Remarks on them in Mr. Palmer's 'Narrative,'" by Mr. Ward, (Toovey,) is "the development," in the shape of a large book, of what has long been expected as a large pamphlet. It is no affectation to say, that we have not read it; to have done so were impossible, as it is published in the last week of the month. But a hasty glance at this very elaborate treatise enables us to say, that its importance far exceeds—its size, and we cannot say more; and that Mr. Ward certainly makes out a most painful case of degeneracy from the Catholic ideal as regards the Church of England; and this we are constrained to acknowledge in the way of *principle*, as well as of *detail*, while at the same time particular instances of heretical teaching, such as the writings of Archbishop Whately and Bishop O'Brien, are criticized in a very masterly manner. To all this *we* are indisposed to offer much, if any, objection: we have not been backward in lamenting much of the present state of things ourselves, though we have not the vanity to think that we have acquired the depth and fulness of a person so able and accomplished as Mr. Ward. Nor is this acknowledgment a surrender of principle on our part: Mr. Ward, more than once, calls attention to the very different line maintained in this Review, from that which forms the staple of his own speculations; and though he dissents from us on very material matters, we are bound to thank him for mild and respectful, and most courteous language, which, as he always adopts towards individuals, so he has been extremely careful about employing in quarters, where, of course, we feel much interest and sympathy. Indeed, there is a very pleasing absence, as far as we can gather, of irritating matter and cause for personal offence. They are systems with which Mr. Ward deals, not individuals: and it is quite certain, that be he right or wrong, he has but one object—the increased spirituality of the Church. There are, of course, many things which will startle and surprise—not much, perhaps, which it is quotable in that wickedly offensive way in which propositions are hunted out for "Protestant manifestoes;" but rather

what most will call inconsistencies :—for example, that the author—we presume he would be the last to deny or modify this—holds *all* the doctrines of the Church of Rome, and yet that he avows his intention *not* to join its communion. But with all this, we are not so much concerned—for nobody suspects us of holding such sentiments, and Mr. Ward acquits us of the least Romewards tendency—as with the practical importance of this volume : Mr. Ward summons all, however they may differ from him, to unite in these plain things : confession of sins and unworthiness, and an earnest struggle after the glorious things of the inner life : and in *such* an object, no good man will refuse his aid. It is consoling too to find Mr. Ward re-iterating his earnest desire to do all this for his own Mother in the Faith. That the Church of England adopts a distressing, boastful, satisfied language, has always struck us as the worst omen about her : we must confess our faults, and that to the full, or there is no hope. The author of the present work, however, must allow us to observe one thing, and that is, that he does not seem to touch the wound which he so ably, yet systematically, and, as it were, technically, exposes, with quite the feelings of one himself pained by the touch. If a person finds himself a member of a corrupt, degenerate Church, (Mr. Ward would style it, Society, we believe) it is his duty, of course, to confess the fact, and to confess it to the full. He must not allow any natural and amiable feeling for a Church in which he has been brought up, to stand in the way of truth. But the discovery should, at the same time, be felt to be a humiliation to himself, a deep humiliation ; and his own mind should, in some degree, smart under the stroke which it inflicts. We may be wronging Mr. Ward, but we cannot help thinking, that a little more of this feeling would add to his persuasiveness, as regards a great number of minds. And this, we are enabled to say, from a vivid recollection of the various articles in the British Critic now defended, as well as from a very imperfect acquaintance with the present volume.

“Transactions of the Exeter Architectural Society.” Vol. I. Part II. 1843. This work does great credit to the Exeter Society. The illustrations are engraved in a very beautiful manner ; but we think the selection of subjects might have been better. We value Devonshire very much for its wood-work, and should have preferred wooden screens to stone sedilia, and wooden to stone pulpits. The Exeter Society should at least publish a book on screen work. It would be of the greatest value. We object much to the tone of the concluding pages of Mr. Carlyon’s paper. Considering our own miserable short-comings in the externals of God’s worship, he is unnecessarily severe upon foreign Catholics. In our present state, we should rather be disposed to learn than to teach. He decides against erecting any figures *within* our churches. Nighed angels, he says, may stand as sentinels *without*, but “*within* the sanctuary, where worship is paid, everything should invite the thoughts to Heaven and the Infinite.” To our mind, the figures of angels in the great Suffolk roofs and elsewhere, *do* tell of heaven, and invite the thoughts thither. Let us, by every means in our power, realize the spiritual world in our worship. We cannot otherwise worship. And we would not stop short with angels. Would that the great reredos screens of St. Alban’s and Winchester were filled with sculptured saints, telling us of the communion between the living and departed. We do well to picture the glorious company of the Apostles, the goodly fellowship of the Prophets, and the noble army of Martyrs upon our walls and in our windows.

“The Hope of the Katzekopfs, a fairy tale, by William Churne, of Staffordshire,” (Walters, and Burns,) likes us much. William Churne having been dead some two hundred years, has reappeared, somewhere in the region of Elford we presume, from a very natural respect for the “good people,” both aerial and terrestrial, to be found there. The way in which the fun melts off into the serious, we especially commend.

“The Fifth Annual Report of the Cambridge Camden Society” has appeared, and is a very interesting document. Much of what people once thought

foppery in this body is either wearing away, or we have learned to think that the substantial practical good, which, in almost every parish in England this Society has effected, far outweighs matters, which are as indifferent as the varieties of temperament in individuals. Who thinks of asking, or of caring, whether our friends are light-haired or dark, so that they *are* our friends? We own, as a question of taste, there is a piece of sportiveness in the President's address (pp. 13, 14), which we could have dispensed with; but on *taste* we are not going to pick a quarrel.

"The Inquiry into the Catholic Truths hidden under certain Articles of the Creed of the Church of Rome," by the Rev. C. Smith, (J. W. Parker,) is a deeper defence of "Protestantism," which it rests on other than a negative character, and a more subtle attack on what the author oddly calls "Trentism," than the usual run of *Via media* treatises. When the second part appears it may claim a fuller notice.

Two Catechetical works on Confirmation we mention with satisfaction:—Mr. Alexander Watson's "The Pastor preparing his Flock for Confirmation" (Rivingtons), useful, but somewhat diffuse: and Mr. Ridley's "Plain Tract on Confirmation" (Edwards and Hughes), which we like better.

From the latter publishers we have received Mr. Fowle's "House of God, &c. with some of the consequences of setting Preaching above Praying;" though we can scarcely admit that on no possible occasion, as things are, is a layman justified in leaving "his own minister" (p. 10); and if he does, we should be sorry, as Mr. Fowle seems to do, to justify it by "Christian liberty" (*ibid*).

Also, "Cur templa ruunt antiqua?" &c., on Decoration of Churches; a well-meaning, but meagre performance. Brett's "Honour of the Christian Priesthood," which, from its author's reputation, wants no recommendation. And "An Address to the Parents of Children at the Parish School of — by their Clergyman," the need of which can only be estimated by those daily subjected to the folly and impertinence of the ill-trained class to whom it is addressed.

America has sent us "A Pastoral for the Times: the Church's Chain of Authority from God to minister in the Word and Sacraments," (Burlington, U. S.) Bishop Doane's we presume; and we are quite sure that the good Bishop makes out his claim more satisfactorily to himself than to the miserable bodies among whom he is placed. The tract is clear, and ought to be conclusive.

"Analecta Christiana, Part I.," (Oxford, J. H. Parker,) by Mr. Charles Marriott, is on a plan which is as novel as promising. It purports to be extracts from the Fathers, by way of a Class Book for the Diocesan Colleges: may we not hope, for the Universities also? It is very highly to be commended.

Among single Sermons, the most important is Archdeacon Manning's, preached for the Magdalen Hospital. One, perhaps, unequalled in affecting power and interest. We should call it painfully interesting, were it not that we feel that we have no right to refuse the healthful contemplation of sin and misery. Of an ambitious and rhetorical class, without much substance, may be mentioned Mr. Boone's, preached for the Metropolis Churches' Fund—"The Need of Christianity to Cities," (J. W. Parker,) a title which seems especially meaningless.

MISCELLANEOUS.

[The Editor is not responsible for the opinions expressed in this department.]

MAURICE'S KINGDOM OF CHRIST.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHRISTIAN REMEMBRANCER.

SIR,—Though I mean strictly to adhere to my promise of not troubling you with any further defence of myself or of my writings; and though I should be very ill able to answer the second letter of your correspondent "G.," as I have not read it throughout, I think it may not be amiss to inform him that the passage upon which I see he has grounded his remarks, does not exist in the second edition of my book. I am anxious to give him this information myself, because if he received it in any other way he might, perhaps, draw a wrong inference from it. I have not changed any of the sentiments which I expressed in the passage respecting Dr. Pusey's "Scriptural Views of Holy Baptism;" all my reading and reflection since have confirmed me in them. But I omitted any allusion to Dr. Pusey, because it seemed to some of his friends that I had made an attack upon him as an individual (a notion which I was very unwilling that words of mine should communicate); because I felt it to be ungenerous and unjust to quote from a book which its author had permitted to go out of circulation; and because I was anxious to depart as widely as possible from the example of religious magazines and newspapers, by avoiding the mixture of personal topics with the discussion of permanent principles. Your correspondent will perceive (I am sure with satisfaction,) that the difference between us is not in the least diminished by the alteration which I have made in this instance; and I have every reason to believe that the revised work would be altogether more—instead of less—objectionable to him than the earlier and hastier one. I have endeavoured in it to carry out more consistently the principle of repudiating all schools and parties, and of acknowledging a principle in each of them which is embodied in the Universal Church. I am sorry that your correspondent should waste so much of his valuable time in establishing this charge against me: it is admitted; *habet confitentem reum*. I am not a member of the High Church party; I hate it as cordially as I do the Evangelical party, the *Via Media* party, and every other. I am personally attached to many of those who are reckoned in it as well as in the others; I trust that, as men and Christians, I love all the members of all of them. Still more dearly do I strive to love the truths which I hear each of these parties asserting. And because I love the men and the truths, I hate that which vulgarises and degrades them, and sets them

at bitter enmity with each other. I do not complain of any of our party men for being too strong, but for being too weak; not for putting their own truths forth as too important, but for destroying that which makes them so all-important, by mixing them with what is mean, sensual, and earthly—why should I scruple to add *devilish*, when I see how these parties plot against each other; how indifferent they are to truth; how they spoil the simplicity of children, and degrade the devotion of women by their narrow and bitter teachings; how they use their noblest men to do their dirtiest work, because these men are easily persuaded that what is exquisitely painful to them and injures their reputation, must be right; how they cramp all exertions for the good of man and the glory of God; how they habitually set at nought the direct commands of our Lord; how they habitually assume their own system, and not the knowledge of God, to be eternal life. I do not care what adjective goes along with the substantive PARTY. No addition of qualities can make Evil, Good; and Party I do look upon as *the* Evil thing—the Anti-christian tendency of our days, for the destruction of which we pray, whenever we say “Hallowed be Thy Name,” or “Thy kingdom come.”

I am, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

F. MAURICE.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS AND THE IRISH CHURCH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHRISTIAN REMEMBRANCER.

SIR,—Allow me to make a few remarks on the debate in the House of Commons, June 12, 1844, on Mr. Ward's motion respecting the Irish Church.

This debate furnishes some remarkable illustrations of the heterogeneous and strange opinions on Church matters entertained by our leading politicians. It is really surprising to see how entirely and *toto cælo* men even of the same party differ from each other on the subject. In other questions—on Corn-Laws, Free Trade, Foreign or Domestic Policy—the individuals who make up the great parties in the State, have respectively a certain set of common opinions; but on Church matters, each politician conceives himself at liberty to entertain his own peculiar views, which he blurts out at random, as if either it were of small importance how he voted or acted; or, to take a more favourable view, as if each man's opinion on religious subjects were of so sacred and private a character, as to forbid any compromise. I wish I could believe that the seeming inconsistency of politicians on Church matters arose from the latter cause. In some few men no doubt it does; but I fear that, in general, it arises either from entire

ignorance of the subject, or from a habit of thinking the affairs of religion of very small importance.

The object of Mr. Ward's motion is neither more nor less than to plunder the Irish Church either of the whole or the greater part of her possessions. To effect this object, would require, he says, "a union of the best feeling on both sides of the House!" There must be "a cessation of party strife." "They must give up small things to secure great things—tranquillity, concord, and peace." This is the common cant of men of revolutionary principles. They make a great hubbub and outcry, and then declare that it is impossible to secure peace, unless their demands are granted. And weak persons fall into the snare, notwithstanding the constant experience that no sooner is one thing granted, than another is demanded. You reduced the Irish bishoprics to ten, to satisfy importunity; now it is urged that six, or even four, are quite sufficient.

Mr. Ward incidentally quotes the sentiments of the Duke of Wellington, uttered some years ago, which are too *naïve* to be passed over. In answer to a petition for the suppression of the Irish Protestant Church, the noble Duke observed, "that to repeal laws on which the Protestant Church was based,—laws which had existed for three hundred years, and which had survived the Rebellion, and had been confirmed and ratified by the Act of Union, would be as fatal to the power of the country as shameful to her honour, and as gross a breach of faith as could be committed by her failure to meet her money engagements, if not worse." The noble Duke seems, from the last words, to have had some suspicion of the ludicrous bathos into which he had fallen. Not so the honourable gentleman who quotes his words.

Mr. Ward notices certain blemishes in the Irish Church,—grievous blemishes, if what he says be correct. Archdeacon de Lacy, an eccentric character, who died lately, left behind him, it seems, forty thoroughbred horses and mares, a beautiful Spanish ass, eight mules, five Spanish donkeys: therefore the Irish Church ought to be abolished. (Q. E. D.) This is just as if you were to say there are some disreputable and eccentric persons in the House of Commons: therefore that should be abolished. Does not Mr. Ward see that such instances prove that the Church should be *amended*, not plundered or abolished?

Mr. Ross, a Protestant, spoke on the same side, and said, "he had heard it stated that the alienation of the funds of the Protestant Church of Ireland would shake the principles on which the Reformation was based. He thought that was a poor compliment to the principles of the Reformation. He was a Protestant, and he certainly could not for a moment imagine how the profession of the faith which he held could be endangered, if all the endowments of the Church were swept away." What miserable sophistry of sham liberality! It is just as if he said, A poor man is spiritually and essentially as well off as a rich man; therefore I cannot for a moment imagine that there is any harm done in robbing any man of his property.

Mr. Shaw made a manly and energetic speech in behalf of the

Established Church in Ireland; setting forth, in a forcible way, its recent sufferings and exertions, but not touching on its high claim as the Church descended from the apostles.

The second evening's debate was opened by Colonel Rawdon. He complained of what appeared to him a great grievance. "Armagh, the town which he had the honour to represent, was the residence of two primates. One of them was a prelate of what he must call the English Church in Ireland. He was in the enjoyment of a splendid revenue, resided in a palace in a spacious park, and in his turn took his seat in the House of Lords . . . He mentioned these facts only to show the contrast between his condition and that of the Roman Catholic prelate, *who was, or at least was believed to be, by those of his own faith*, the representative of the first Catholic apostle in Ireland. He (Colonel R.) found this respected prelate residing in a moderate private house, for which he paid rent; he had none of the honours which belong to his station and rank in a Roman Catholic country." Certainly, it is most natural that Colonel Rawdon should lament the contrast. But does he not see that he is putting arguments into the mouths of his opponents? For if he desires to deprive the Protestant archbishop of his temporalities, because he believes him not to be the true successor of the apostles, or rightful bishop, surely the large majority of members who *do* believe him to be the rightful bishop, ought the more strenuously to contend that he should *not* be plundered.

Mr. M. O'Connell alluded to the Prince de Joinville's pamphlet, and recommended the House to strip of its possessions the Protestant Church, (which they believed to be the true one,) and encourage that which they believed to be false, for fear of French invasion.

Mr. Hamilton was not ashamed to avow "that he adhered to the Church of Ireland *upon the ground of its upholding what he believed to be religious truths* (cries of Oh, oh, from the Opposition benches); considering it, at he did, the duty of the Government to establish that form of Christianity which it believed to be the purest and truest." (Ironical cries of Hear, hear, from the Opposition benches.)

Sir C. Napier then rose and said, "he did not think it was *good taste* in a Protestant member of that House to hold up his religion as better than that professed by Roman Catholic gentlemen who were sitting there."

What a monstrous, or rather, what a perfectly ridiculous notion! When the debate is on the Church Establishment, is not the real and almost only question, What is the true Church? If honourable members would but simply stick to this point, and calmly say, We believe the Reformed Church of Ireland to be the true Church, and will not consent to its abolition, what hours of dull unmeaning argument might be spared!

Colonel Napier further "wished honourable members, when they went over to Ireland, to go and see the congregations which the Protestant clergy *preached* to, and they would find that many of them preached sermons to no audiences but their own clerks. Was this a state of things calculated to please the Catholics? . . . Could any man believe that the Catholics would be satisfied, when they saw their own ministers

preaching for ten or fourteen hours a-day?" What an insane confusion of ideas! So (Roman) Catholic clergy preach ten or fourteen hours a-day! and are much displeased that the Protestant ministers do not do the same.

Mr. Borthwick complained that "they were called on to abolish a church of 300 years' standing (!) because, first, of Mr. O'Connell's agitation; secondly, of the Prince de Joinville's pamphlet." They were bound, in his opinion, to provide a religion for the people, and could not do better than maintain one that was "sanctified and hallowed" (by what?) by a prescription of 300 years (!)

Mr. V. Smith acknowledged that "an establishment of some kind was necessary to put a stop to fanaticism and irreligion; but if they had an establishment at all, it should be the church of the majority."

Sir J. Graham said, "it had been the object of Government, and would continue to be its object, to remove all the abuses that existed in connexion with the Irish Church, to purify it, and after having removed those abuses, and purified it, it was the intention of the Government to use their best efforts to maintain it as the established Church in Ireland." This is a very good general theory—but Sir J. Graham goes on to remind us that, by way of carrying out his principle, he concurred in the suppression of half the Irish bishoprics—and even now boasts of having "greatly diminished the hierarchy of that country"—"a measure conceived in a friendly spirit to the Church."

Lord J. Russell thought that "the Church of Ireland was a great anomaly and a great misfortune, and one which he conceived required the immediate attention of Parliament." Lord John afterwards propounded his general notions of an established Church, which are somewhat curious. "I think," said he, "in the first place, that it is the duty of the State to give the means of religious instruction to the people (hear). And when I say, the means of religious instruction, I mean religious instruction *with respect to those subjects which the State itself interferes with*. If a man commits a breach of trust he is sent to prison; if he commits a theft he is transported to a foreign land; if he commits murder his life is forfeited. I think, if the State does all these things; if the State deems it its duty to punish crime, it should endeavour, by alliance or connexion with some body capable of doing so, to give the people instruction. 'Thou shalt not steal'—'Thou shalt do no murder'—'You should do unto others as you would have them do unto you.' *This is the kind of instruction the State should provide*. I consider that it is the part of the State, apart from any particular sect, or any particular dogmas or doctrines which may distinguish one denomination of Christians from another, to endeavour that means should be provided for giving that instruction." So, the Christian religion consists in teaching people not to kill or steal! and Christian doctrine has no influence on these matters! Is Lord John Russell aware that there is *another* world, to prepare men for which is the great object of religion? I never heard the politician's creed—the meagre, worldly, atheistical creed of the mere politician so unblushingly avowed as by the Whig leader. Would

that our Conservative leaders were more highly principled! But I fear their creed is not much better. Lord John goes on to argue that, for the noble purposes of preventing theft and murder, the Protestant clergy in Ireland are inefficient, because they are the ministers of the minority—the Protestant Church does not answer the purpose of an establishment—therefore the best plan is to reduce the Protestant establishment and to pay the Roman Catholic clergy, if you can persuade them to accept your money. Further than this the noble lord does not explain his views. He is anxious that all who will go as far as that should act together, so as to get as many votes as possible against the Government. This is the old policy of Lord John Russell on the Irish Church. I will not venture to express my opinion of the pitiful meanness with which this degenerate statesman avails himself of the difficulties of the Irish Church, as an instrument of political intrigue.

But what does the great Conservative leader, Sir Robert Peel, say? He rises with great reluctance. Nothing but his position of Minister of the Crown induces him to do so. Evidently his heart is not in the cause. He defends the maintenance of the Irish Church on the compact made at the Union, and virtually ratified at the time of passing the Roman Catholic Relief Bill. But he says, "I found my advocacy of the Church establishment upon other and upon *higher grounds* (hear), the nature of which I will shortly state. I think it of the highest public importance that there should be religious establishments in all countries, for the sake of their religious interests What form of religious faith shall I (!) establish and incorporate with the State? I should say the *public policy* of this country was to give a preference to Protestantism'. . . But I am not even at liberty to select another religion. [Why? because Protestantism is the truth? No.] The professors of the Roman Catholic faith prefer a total and spiritual independence, to union with the State, or any condition whatever fettering that independence. I do not see you can establish a Church possessing all the emoluments of State endowment without its submitting to stringent control on the part of the State. I consider the State should exercise an influence in the appointments of the Church, and that without such influence there would be great injury from investing any form of faith with the endowments of an establishment. I should be sorry, for instance, to see the election of bishops entirely independent; I should be sorry to see the Church exercising power, as formerly, in convocation. I think it of the greatest importance that the *spiritual* authority of the Church should be restrained, as it is restrained, and *made subordinate to Parliament* But the Catholics tell us distinctly they are not prepared to permit the exercise of any such control over their ecclesiastical appointments, and that they will have entire *spiritual* independence. Therefore, if there were no other reasons (which I believe there are) for the preference of the Protestant religion as that which is to be incorporated with the State, *the terms offered by the two parties are not equal* (hear). The Catholics claim perfect exemption from control in ecclesiastical concerns; they refuse to permit interference with the

nomination of their prelates by the Pope. And what is it they ask of us—of us, the legislators of a Protestant State :—‘ We want not your emoluments . . . but we ask you to appropriate them to secular purposes.’ Now this appears to me an unreasonable proposition. And I think, without injury to the Catholics, and, still more, without insult to them, we have the perfect right to appropriate the Church revenues to that form of religious faith which we are desirous of incorporating with the State.” These are Sir Robert Peel’s “*higher grounds*” for the maintenance of the Irish Church—and on these he is determined to stand, “*unless the overwhelming necessity of public policy compels him to change that opinion*” (loud cheers from the Opposition). Truly a feeble staff is Sir Robert Peel for the Church to rest on!

Sir R. Inglis rose and said, that he supported the Protestant Church in Ireland *because he believed it was the truth*; but he was interrupted in his further observations by such shouts of laughter and other noises, that he was compelled to resume his seat.

On the division, the numbers were—

For Mr. Ward’s motion	179
Against it	274

Majority . . 95

This is a very instructive debate. It shows the small reliance which can be placed by the Church on political friends. The Church of Ireland is but the outpost of the Church of England. Let one be sacrificed to the Romanists, and the other must be content to be placed on the same footing with Dissenters. The most distressing thing is to observe the entire ignorance or miserable lowness of view that prevails amongst those in whom, humanly speaking, is placed the power over her destinies—the want of knowledge of the Church’s real claim which is manifested even by those who believe themselves to be her friends. However, we are members of the Church, and cannot help ourselves. We must do our best in the position in which God has placed us. We must strive to maintain the Church as best we can for the present; and look forward to improvements, when the seed sown in the present generation has sprung up and brought forth fruits. The rising generation will at least know something more of Church principles than those who now seem to exercise power over her.

Yours, &c.

G.

ECCLESIASTICAL INTELLIGENCE.

ORDINATIONS APPOINTED.

BP. OF WORCESTER, July 21.

BP. OF NORWICH, Aug. 25.

ORDINATIONS.

By the LORD BP. OF LONDON, at St. Paul's Cathedral, on Trinity Sunday.

DEACONS.

Of Oxford.—W. L. Bevan, B.A. Magd. H.; G. T. Cameron, B.A. Ch. Ch.; A. Cowburn, B.A. Exet.; T. J. Griffenhoofe, B.A. Pemb.; F. C. Secretan, B.A. Wad.; T. Wilson, B.A. Brasen.

Of Cambridge.—A. Alston, B.A. St. John's; G. Carpenter, B.A. St. John's; J. S. Clarke, B.A. St. John's; W. Cooke, B.A. Trin. H.; F. L. Naylor, B.A. Trin.; H. W. Yates, B.A. Cath. H.

Of the Church Missionary College, Islington.—H. Townsend, for her Majesty's foreign possessions.

Literate.—A. M. Myers.

PRIESTS.

Of Oxford.—F. J. R. Lawrence, s.c.l. Exet.; H. Nelson, M.A. St. John's; W. Rogers, M.A. Balliol; J. Soper, B.A. St. Mary Magd. H.; J. Trevitt, s.c.l. St. Alban H.

Of Cambridge.—G. S. Drew, B.A. St. John's; J. Board, B.A. Christ's; W. F. Ellis, B.A. Trin.; W. Jephson, M.A. Corp. Chris.; R. King, B.A. Christ's; J. Rickard, B.A. Trin.; G. Ridout, B.A. Emm.; H. G. Roche, s.c.l. St. John's; E. Rudge, s.c.l. Cath. H.; J. D. Watherston, B.A. St. John's.

Of the Church Missionary College, Islington.—T. Barenbuck, B. Geidt, D. Hechler, T. Peyton, and F. Redford, for her Majesty's foreign possessions.

Literate.—C. G. Nicolay.

By the LORD BISHOP OF CHICHESTER, at Chichester, on Trinity Sunday.

DEACONS.

Of Oxford.—H. Malim, B.A. St. John's.

Of Cambridge.—H. A. Barrett, B.A. St. John's; F. H. Cox, B.A. Pemb.; R. M. Frost, B.A. Pemb.; G. A. Oldham, B.A. Trin.; G. C. Purches, B.A. Corp. Chris.; G. C. Shiffner, B.A. Ch. Ch.

PRIESTS.

Of Oxford.—J. W. Miller, B.A. Exet.

Of Cambridge.—C. G. Flint, B.A. Magd.; F. A. Piggott, B.A. Trin.; R. Prat, B.A. Merton; M. A. Smelt, B.A. Caius; T. Whitehouse, B.A. Sid. Sus.

By the LORD BISHOP OF EXETER, at Exeter, on Sunday, June 2.

DEACONS.

Of Oxford.—J. P. Bremridge, B.A. Exet.; C. J. Cummings, B.A. Brasen.; T. W. Dunston, B.A. Exet.; W. J. Newman, B.A. Wad.; J. S.

Northcote, M.A. Corp. Chris.; T. P. Tuffnell, B.A. Wad.

Of Cambridge.—R. P. Carew, B.A. Downing; S. T. W. C. Homfray, B.A. Cath. H.; M. L. Lee, B.A. Magd.; T. C. Yarranton, B.A. Sid. Sus.

PRIESTS.

Of Oxford.—J. W. Distin, B.A. Pemb.; S. C. Hooley; A. A. Hunt, M.A. Exet.; A. N. C. MacLachlan, B.A. Exet.

Of Cambridge.—W. M. W. Call, B.A. St. John's; C. E. Parry, B.A. Christ's; J. Stewart, M.A. Caius; J. R. Woodford, B.A. Pemb. (i. d. Bp. of Gloucester and Bristol.)

By the LORD BISHOP OF OXFORD, at Oxford, on Sunday, June 2.

DEACONS.

Of Oxford.—S. J. Jerram, M.A. Worc.; F. Fanshawe, M.A. Exet.; G. G. Perry, M.A. Linc.; H. W. Norman, B.A. New Coll.; C. F. Wyatt, B.A. Ch. Ch.; H. Smith, B.A., J. G. Wenham, B.A., and G. T. Cooke, B.A. Magd.; R. Lewis, B.A. Worc.; G. L. Shannon, M.A. Pemb.; G. W. Paul, B.A. Magd.; R. Orsby, M.A. Trin.; H. L. Mansel, B.A. St. John's; H. M. White, B.A. New Coll.; C. R. Conybeare, B.A. Ch. Ch.; A. F. Forbes, B.A. Brasen.

Of Cambridge.—F. H. Wilkinson, B.A. St. John's.

Of Durham.—C. W. Wood, B.A. Univ.

PRIESTS.

Of Oxford.—G. Marshall, M.A. Ch. Ch.; S. H. Cooke, M.A. Ch. Ch.; B. Price, M.A. Pemb.; W. Kay, M.A. Linc.; A. H. Anson, s.c.l. All Souls; J. B. Mosley, M.A. Magd.; D. J. Evans, M.A. Jesus; L. Evans, M.A. Wad.; H. A. Box, B.A. Wad.; H. Goodwin, B.A. Ch. Ch.; H. D. Heatley, B.A. St. John's; T. Z. Davies, B.A. Jesus; G. C. Rowden, s.c.l. New Coll.; W. H. Chepmoll, M.A. Jesus; W. R. Wardale, M.A. Ch. Ch.; C. Smith, M.A. Ch. Ch.

Of Cambridge.—J. Nalson, B.A. Queen's.

By the LORD BISHOP OF LINCOLN, at Lincoln, on Sunday, June 2.

DEACONS.

Of Oxford.—F. H. Dunwell, B.A. Queen's; E. R. Horwood, B.A. Brasen.; J. L. Roberts, M.A. New Inn H.

Of Cambridge.—C. R. Andrews, B.A. Emm.; T. B. L. Hall, B.A. Sid.; C. B. Harris, B.A. Queen's; E. K. Lutt, B.A. Sid.; A. Martell, B.A. St. John's; W. Reade, B.A. Cath. H.

Of Dublin.—T. B. Langley, B.A. Trin. T. Ovens, B.A. Trin.

PRIESTS.

Of Oxford.—B. Burgess, B.A. Exet.; R. P. Smith, M.A. Pem.

Of Cambridge.—J. N. Andrews, B.A. Clare H.; T. H. Bullock, B.A. Fell. of King's; W. Duncombe, B.A. Queen's; A. E. Fowler, B.A. Queen's; R. K. Longden, B.C.L. Trin. H.; Z. Nash, B.A. Cath. H.; E. Owen, B.A. Sid.; W. Theed, B.A. Clare H.; E. B. Wroth, B.A. St. John's.

Of Dublin.—R. P. Blakeney, B.A. Trin.; A. E. Auchinlech, B.A. Trin. (i. d. Bp. of Clogher.)

By the LORD Bp. of SALISBURY, (for Bp. of Bath & Wells,) at Wells, on Sunday, June 2.

DEACONS.

Of Oxford.—W. Bruton, B.A. Exet.; J. C. Hilliard, B.A. St. John's; T. Jones, M.A. Magd. H.; G. H. Turner, B.A. Bal.

Of Cambridge.—O. Fisher, M.A. Jesus; E. D. Green, Queen's; G. T. Hoare, B.A. St. John's.

PRIESTS.

Of Oxford.—R. Astley, B.A. Pemb.; J. W. Clapcott, B.A. Linc.; G. Pretyman, M.A. Univ.; W. Smith and C. Harrison, B.A. Exet.

Of Cambridge.—J. Penny, B.A. St. John's.
Of Glasgow.—W. Wright, M.A.

By the LORD BISHOP of PETERBOROUGH, at Peterborough, on Sunday, June 2.

DEACONS.

Of Oxford.—J. A. Carr, B.A. New Inn H.; C. J. P. Foster, B.A. Oriel; W. Halliburton, B.A. Bras.; J. Y. Nevill, B.A. Oriel; G. Roberts, B.A. Magd. H.; R. Stanton, B.A. Bras.; J. Walker, B.A. Bras.

Of Cambridge.—J. Bicknell, B.A. Trin.; T. C. Childs, B.A. Sid. Sus.; Hon. T. Edwards, M.A. Trin.; J. S. Hilly, M.A. St. John's; H. Lovell, M.A. St. John's; H. Tarr, B.A. Sid. Sus.

PRIESTS.

Of Oxford.—G. A. Cuxon, M.A. Magd. H.; H. W. Starr, B.A. Magd.

Of Cambridge.—L. Fry, B.A. St. Peter's; W. Howlett, B.A. Jesus; T. Inman, B.A. Queen's; J. Oliver, B.A. Queen's; J. Wing, B.A. Queen's.

By the LORD BISHOP of HEREFORD, at Hereford, on Sunday, June 2.

DEACONS.

Of Oxford.—W. Poole, B.A. Oriel; B. S. V. Blacker, B.A. Ch. Ch. (i. d. Bp. of Norwich); W. J. Williams, B.A. (i. d. Bp. of St. David's).

Of Cambridge.—J. C. Battersby, B.A. St. John's; J. C. James, B.A. St. John's; A. Pardee, B.A. Jesus; W. Sandford, B.A. Clare H.

Literates.—G. I. Davies and E. Evans (i. d. Bp. of St. David's).

PRIESTS.

Of Oxford.—T. H. Sheppard, M.A. Oriel; J. H. Warneford, B.A. Worc.

Of Cambridge.—J. Gawn, B.A. Trin. H.; S. H. W. Lee, B.A. St. John's; R. Towens, B.A. St. John's; D. P. Lewis, B.A. St. John's (i. d. Bp. of Gloucester and Bristol).

By the ARCHBISHOP of YORK, at Bishopthorpe, on Sunday, June 9.

DEACONS.

Of Oxford.—T. H. Smith, B.A. Queen's; M. G. Buckley, B.A. Trin.

Of Cambridge.—J. Walker, B.A. St. John's; J. J. Harrison, B.A. Corp. Chris.; O. A. Mannors, B.A. Sid. Sus.; J. A. Ogilvy, B.A. St. Mary Magd.; W. Greenwell, B.A. St. John's; E. Day, B.A. Trin. H.; C. Braddy, B.A. St. John's; A. J. Tomlin, B.A. Queen's (at the request of the Bp. of Ripon.)

Of Dublin.—S. H. Gainsford, M.A. Trin.

PRIESTS.

Of Oxford.—H. F. Inman, B.A. Linc.; J. P. Marriott, B.A. Bal.; R. Rolleston, B.A. Univ.; J. Scotland, B.A. St. John's.

Of Cambridge.—J. N. Fowler, B.A. St. Mary Magd.; R. G. Creyke, B.A. Cath. H.; M. H. Simpson, B.A. Cath. H.; J. Stansfield, B.A. St. John's; J. Kidd, s.c.l. Cath. H.; J. Hughes, B.A. Queen's; H. C. Holmes, M.A. Cath. H.

Of Durham.—J. Hill, B.A. Univ.; H. M. Short, Univ. (at the request of the Bp. of Ripon.)

By the LORD BISHOP of ELY, in St. George's Church, Hanover-square, on Sunday, June 9.

DEACONS.

Of Oxford.—H. B. Rashleigh, B.A. Exet.

Of Cambridge.—H. B. Blake, B.A. Trin.; T. P. Boulthbee, M.A. Fell. of St. John's; S. R. Carter, B.A. Fell. of Emm.; F. W. Harper, M.A. Fell. of St. John's; G. F. Holcombe, B.A., R. Joynes, B.A. St. John's; C. W. King, M.A., H. A. Marsh, M.A., Fells. of Trin.; W. W. Newbould, B.A. Trin.; R. Raynbird, B.A. Christ's; T. Tanqueray, B.A. Pem.; F. E. Tower, B.A. St. John's; B. Williams, M.A., W. S. Wood, M.A., Fells. of St. John's; J. H. Young, B.A. Corp. Chris.

PRIESTS.

Of Cambridge.—M. Bright, M.A. Fell. of Magd.; C. S. Drake, M.A. Fell. of Jesus; P. Frost, M.A. Fell. of St. John's; H. Goodwin, M.A. Fell. of Caius; H. L. Jenner, LL.B. Trin.; W. T. Kingsley, M.A. Fell. of Sid. Sus.; C. A. Swainson, M.A. Fell. of Christ's; R. Watt, M.A. Fell. of Trin.; H. G. Williams, M.A. Fell. of Emm.

PREFERMENTS.

Name.	Preferment.	Diocese.	Patron.	Val.	Pop.
Bilgh, A.	Wonstan, R.	Winchester	Bp. of Winchester	£967	786
Bradford, J. E.	{ St. Mary Wigford, Lincoln	Lincoln	Bp. of Lincoln, <i>by lapse</i>	130	912
Butler, W. J.	Wareside, P.C.	London	

PREFERMENTS—Continued.

Name.	Preferment.	Diocese.	Patron.	Val.	Pop.
Clarke, C. S.	Lindsell, v.	London	{ Exors. of the late S. } Alger, Esq.	£134	393
Cooper, J.	Ewhurst, R.	Winchester ..	Lord Chancellor ..	462	942
Crow, F. A.	Alcester, R.	Worcester ..	Marquis of Hertford ..	250	2399
Duncombe, W. ...	Crowle, v.	Lincoln	Wm. Duncombe, Esq. ..	777	2544
Exton, R.	Hemley, R.	Norwich	Lord Chancellor ..	150	71
Fox, J.	Hale, w. Wilton ..	Chester
Gee, R.	Abbot's Langley ..	London	Rev. W. Lewis	270	2115
Heath, J. M.	Enfield	London	Trin. Coll., Cambridge.	1174	...
Jackson, J.	Lidgate, R.	B. & W.	Rev. J. E. Jackson
James, E.	Hindringham, v.	Norwich	D. & C. of Norwich	136	721
James, W. B.	Fen Ditton, R.	Ely	Bp. of Ely	404	537
Jarman, J.	Ladock, R.	Exeter	Ex. of late Rev. H. Ware	767	837
Jarvis, E. J.	Hackthorne, v.	Lincoln	R. Cracroft, Esq.	260	{ 246
Johns, J. W.	Crowan	Exeter	Sir J. St. Aubyn	451	{ 63
Kershaw, T. A. ...	Milton, R.	Peterboro' ..	Rev. Dr. Pemberton ..	340	607
Kingdon, S. N. ...	Bridgerule, v.	Exeter	Rev. T. Kingdon	150	497
Larken, E. R.	Burton by Lincoln, R.	Lincoln	Lord Monson	419	206
Parkes, W. J.	Hilgay, R.	Norwich	Rev. W. J. Parkes	1291	1515
Parmeter, J. D. ...	Alderford, R.	Norwich ...	D. & C. of Norwich	219	{ 44
Raines, C. A.	St. Peter, Newcastle, P.C.	Exeter	Viscount Valletort	700	2142
Shelley, F.	Beerferris, R.	York	Sir W. B. Cooke, Bart.	113	1056
Sorsby, —	Arksey, v.	Exeter	B. Fulford, Esq.	297	925
Stephens, R.	Dunsford	Exeter	Mary Hastings	97	1615
Stubbs, J. K.	Measham, P.C.	Exeter	P. F. Taylor, Esq.	127	51
Taylor, F. J.	West Ogwell	Exeter	G. W. Heneage, Esq. M.P.	58	1317
Thompson, F. H. ...	Lynnham, P.C.	Exeter	Bishop of Exeter	142	677
Townsend, J. S. ...	Coleridge	Peterboro' ..	Hon. C. C. Cavendish ..	234	182
Twopeny, T. N. ...	Little Casterton, R.	Exeter	Bp. of Exeter	321	848
Woolcombe, H. ...	Cheriton, R.	Exeter	Bp. of Exeter	321	848

APPOINTMENTS.

Carr, J. M.A.	{ One of the Chaplains to the Lord Bishop of Lincoln.	Taylor, T.	{ Master of Prince Henry's Gram. School, Evesham.
Day, J. J. B.A. ...	{ Second Master of the Pro- prietary Sch., Blackheath.	Woolley, J. M.A. ...	{ Professor of Moral Philoso- phy in Queen's College, Birmingham.
Monnington, G. ...	{ Head Master of Monmouth Gram. School.		

CLERGYMEN DECEASED.

Cook, J., of Newton Hall, Northumberland.	Matthew, C., Vicar of All Saints and St. Peter Maldon.
Cowland, W., Rector of Werrington.	Price, T., Rector of Shelsley Beauchamp and Shelsley Walsh, Worcestershire.
Dakins, W., of Boxted, Essex.	Rose, W., at the Vicarage, Glynde, near Lewes.
Elliott, H., Vic. of Castle Sowerby, Cumberland.	Sunderland, E., Vicar of Glenthams and Nor- mandby.
Hurst, T. T., Rec. of Cariby and Braceborough.	Templeman, N., at Cranbourn.
Laffer, A., P. C. of St. Juliot, Cornwall.	Ward, J., M.A., late Fell. of New Coll., Oxford.
Lawrence, J. A., Rector of Marnham, Notts.	Watkins, G. N., Perpetual Curate of Long Sutton, Hampshire.
Lloyd, W., M.A., Rec. of Llanfaethlu, Anglesey.	
Luke, R., Senior Fellow of Sidney Sussex Col- lege, Cambridge.	
M'Gregor, J., B.A., Incumbent of Mellor, near Blackburn.	

PROCEEDINGS OF SOCIETIES.

OXFORD ARCHITECTURAL SOCIETY.

FIFTH Annual Meeting at Wyatt's Room, High-street, June 17. The Rev. the Rector of Exeter College in the chair.

After a few preliminary observations, the Chairman read the annual Report of the Committee. He congratulated the Society on the steady progress of the "Study of Gothic Architecture," which is daily becoming more general: the good effects of this are already visible on all sides, and still greater effects may yet be looked for. He rejoiced to observe the formation and successful progress of similar societies in various parts of the kingdom, and mentioned particularly the Cambridge and the Exeter Societies as very flourishing and efficient. The mutilation and destruction of the remains of Gothic Architecture has been checked and well nigh stopped, although a few more instances may still be heard of occasionally, as at Newcastle, where an ancient church has been wantonly destroyed within the last few weeks; the general indignation with which such acts are now viewed by all persons who have any pretension to the rank of educated or enlightened men, is a guarantee that they will not be frequent. There is, however, another just ground of alarm in the mischief which is daily perpetrated under the name of *restoration*, which, when conducted without sufficient knowledge, is often productive of more injury than benefit, and should be very closely watched. Irreparable injury is often done by ignorant persons, under the plausible pretext of merely *scraping* off the whitewash, and still more when the decayed surface of the stone has also to be scraped.

In this university and city, there have been four instances of restoration within the past year, which are deserving of praise. At St. John's College the chapel has been restored in a very elaborate manner, and with good taste. At Merton the roof of the anti-chapel, which was in a decayed state, has been renewed, and the floor for the ringers in the tower removed, throwing open a fine groined wooden ceiling, which is a great improvement, but the gallery for the ringers, which has

been introduced in the place of the old floor, would have been better omitted. In St. Aldate's Church the general effect of the exterior is pleasing, but there might have been more accuracy in the details, and we cannot but regret the loss of the old library. At Holywell, though the exterior is less striking, all the detail is admirable, and in the interior the good effect of open seats is fairly seen, and the manner in which this restoration and enlargement have been executed is worthy not only of praise but of imitation. The restoration of St. Peter's in the East is now also in progress, and it is hoped that the most scrupulous care will be taken to preserve entire the character of the building even in its most minute details, and that no attempts at *improvement* will be allowed to interfere with the designs of the original architects of this interesting and valuable relic of antiquity.

The publications of the Society during the year have been the Second Part of the "Guide to the Architectural Antiquities in the Neighbourhood of Oxford," of which a Third Part is now in preparation; several sheets of working drawings of ancient pews and pulpits, which are found very generally useful, and are readily purchased. Two new sheets were laid on the table, containing the details of the pulpits of Beaulieu, Hants, of stone, very early in the decorated style; St. Giles's, Oxford, of wood, also in the decorated style, but late; and Coombe, Oxfordshire, of stone, in the perpendicular style. The drawings of Shottesbroke Church, a well-known and very perfect specimen of the decorated style, have been engraved, and will be ready for publication in a few days; for these drawings the Society is indebted to W. Butterfield, Esq. The drawings of Minster Lovell Church, a good specimen of the perpendicular style, promised at the two last annual meetings, are still not ready, the architect who undertook to furnish them having failed to fulfil his engagement. The drawings of Wilcote Church, presented by C. Buckler, Esq., were laid on the table and will be engraved immediately; this is a *small*

church in the decorated style. Also those of St. Bartholomew's Chapel, presented by C. Cranston, Esq. : this is a small but elegant building of the period of transition from decorated to perpendicular.

New editions are preparing of Stanton Harcourt and Haseley: to the series in 8vo it is proposed to add the papers on Ewelme and Dorchester, lately read by Mr. Addington, for which the drawings are ready.

At the suggestion of the Bishop of Newfoundland, designs for churches to be constructed entirely of wood, the only material to be obtained in that colony, have been prepared by Mr. Cranston, under the directions of the Committee. Two of these designs are now ready, and were laid on the table.

At the request of the Madras committee for the erection of a church at Colabah, a design has been prepared by Mr. Derick, under the direction of the Committee, which it is hoped will be found well suited to the climate, while it preserves a strictly Gothic and church-like character. An elevation of this design has been engraved, and copies sent for distribution to any of our members who are interested in it.

The Society has in several instances given useful advice to persons engaged in church-building or restoration, and have pleasure in doing so in any case in which they may be applied to.

A Paper was read on Dorchester

Church, Oxfordshire, by Henry Addington, Esq., of Lincoln College, illustrated by a large number of drawings of all parts of the building, including the original drawings by Mackenzie, for Skelton's Oxfordshire, which were kindly lent for the occasion by the Rev. H. Wellesley. Mr. Addington gave an outline of the early history of Dorchester, with its bishopric and abbey, showing clearly that there was a Saxon church on this site, but considers no part of the existing building earlier than the middle of the twelfth century, (unless it is a small portion of the masonry of the tower,) and the greater part is of the time of Edward I. The two semicircular arches, which have been sometimes considered as Saxon, are evidently cut through the Norman walls, and are probably of the time of Charles II., when the church was repaired after the injury it had sustained in the civil wars. As this interesting paper is to be published, it is not necessary to attempt any further analysis of it.

A Memorial was presented to the meeting, very numerously signed by members of the Society, suggesting that some of the Rules should be more strictly acted upon, and that others should be altered. A special committee of nine members was appointed to consider this subject, and to recommend such alterations as appeared to them to be necessary, and to report thereon to a general meeting of the Society, on October the 30th.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received the following from the author of our recent paper, "Signs of Hope:"—

"SIR,—I had prepared, as you know, a reply to your correspondent G. with regard to my eulogium on Mr. Maurice's 'Kingdom of Christ,' in my paper, entitled 'Signs of Hope.' After Mr. Maurice's own reply, and his request that no 'friend' of his should enter the lists on his side, I should be sorry to claim any right to be heard, especially if such right were to be counted an incapacity to take rank among the company of his friends. But I may speak to what concerns myself. My assertion, that few are competent, and still fewer sufficiently industrious, to read 'The Kingdom of Christ,' is pronounced a specimen of self-conceit, similar to that which Mr. Maurice is considered by G. to have displayed. Perhaps I might be advised by my friends to sit easy under an imputation no worse than this. But I think it better to free myself at once from an arbitrary rule, which would preclude me from ever speaking of 'Butler's Analogy,' or the 'Sermons on Human Nature,' or any other high and difficult work, as if I had read and mastered it. Sir, we must either cease to cite, and so to avail ourselves, of the labours of the 'Kings of Thought,' or else incur your correspondent's opprobrium. One may, to be sure, and that too easily, really be conceited where one ought only to be thankful; but I see no more in proceeding on the assumption that one has been partially trained in scholastic or metaphysical habits, without which many a work must be unavailable, that need make one conceited,—than in proceeding on the assumption that one has learnt Italian, and so can read Dante; or German, and so can read Goethe, or Schliermacher.

"Thus far for what I think due to myself. It may be equally due to those of your readers, if such there be, who took any interest in the course of reflection pursued by me in the paper entitled 'Signs of Hope,' that I should assure them of my estimate of Mr. Maurice and his writings being in nowise changed by the controversy which my expression of it has excited."



